

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The Ontario elections were held on Tuesday and the precise result is not yet known. On Thursday morning the Reform party, through the *Globe*, claimed that the result stands thus:

Government.....	49
Opposition.....	43
Patron.....	1
Vacant.....	1

The Conservative party disputes this, and through the columns of the *Mail and Empire* claims that the result stands thus:

Conservatives.....	46
Liberals.....	45
Doubtful (East Algoma and Muskoka).....	2
Vacant.....	1

The *World*, which also speaks for the Conservative party, claims that this is the result:

Conservative straight.....	45
Conservative Independent.....	1
Conservative Patron.....	1

Total..... 47  
Liberal..... 46  
Vacant..... 1

The parties disagree on certain points, and as these points begin to be solved the reader can see for himself how the game is going. Both parties claim Beatty of Parry Sound. He was elected as a Conservative four years ago, but with sealed orders, which, on being opened at the appointed hour, bade him support whichever party was in power. He did it. At this election he was opposed by a Conservative, but boasted himself a Conservative also, but one who, in the interests of his riding, would support the party that won the elections. This endeared him to the riding and he was elected. Therefore it seems clear that neither party can claim him until it gets and holds power. He is doubtful, but at heart is a Conservative, and his heart may reasonably be expected to assert itself, unless the situation yields him the power to make himself forever solid with his constituency. Let us stand him to one side, and also Nipissing, which is claimed by both. G. Tucker, the only Patron elected, comes from West Wellington. He is not likely to stand out as a Third Party, and being a Conservative himself and having been opposed by a Liberal, he may be set down as a supporter of Mr. Whitney. Mr. Evanturel of Prescott is also claimed by both parties, and perhaps we may also stand him aside. Taking no account of the other disputes which balance each other, we find that the parties, leaving out all disputed persons, stand thus:

Liberals.....	46
Conservatives.....	44

Now then, what will Nipissing, Messrs. Evanturel and Beatty do? They can give the Liberals a majority of Five, or they can give the Conservatives a majority of One. If they declare themselves at once, it is probable that Mr. Evanturel will side with Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Beatty with Mr. Whitney, which means a Hardy majority of Two. Later returns from



"COME IF YOU DARE."

ROBERT HARRIS, R.C.A.  
Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

majority of seven or eight or ten, there may be occasion for another election, and the Conservative party having done so well in this one, would go into another a year hence with almost a certainty of victory. Hon. A. S. Hardy will therefore make it a battle royal in the courts; and Mr. Whitney, greatly strengthened by his measure of success, will be able to fight as the Opposition has never been able to do in the past. It is probable that Nipissing has elected Loughrin, the Liberal, who four years ago had a majority of 647. In West Huron, Mr. Beck, the Conservative, appears to have beaten Mr. Garrow by 2 votes. Although there is a dispute in South Huron, it is probable that Elber, the Conservative, is elected. Several contests were so very close that the material is ready for a red-hot fight in the courts. The Government (for we may still so refer to it) has a small majority on paper and a chance in the courts; the Opposition has a chance also in the courts, and a chance in the country if it can create a deadlock and get back to the country. This is the situation as I see it through the confusion that now prevails.

Ten newspaper men contested seats in this election and seven were elected, as follows: Andrew Pattullo of the *Woodstock Sentinel-Review*; J. A. Auld of the *Amherstburg Echo*; J. R. Stratton of the *Peterboro Examiner*; H. J. Pettipiece of the *Forest Free Press*; J. Craig of the *Fergus News-Record*; S. Russell

be said that his defeat is still in some doubt; Mr. Evans greatly reduced his opponent's majority, and a protest is talked of; while Mr. Pirie, whose unusual gift of speech would have made him an ornament to the Legislature, seems to have been the victim of a party quarrel in his constituency.

It is but right that editors should gain seats in our parliaments. Mr. Andrew Pattullo, in one of his campaign speeches, said: "I have spent twenty years of my life trying to make political reputation for other people, trying to tell what other Liberals have done, and trying to help other Liberals to success, and I am afraid I have got my vocal organs trained to the praise of others rather than of myself. I cannot turn around and speak of what I have done myself."

In Toronto the fight has been a very peculiar one. In the North it is only the plain truth to say that both candidates were accepted with shrugs by their respective parties. In the East the Liberal appears not to have carried a single polling sub-division in that great constituency. In the West, Dr. Spence reduced Mr. Crawford's majority by one-half. In the South Mr. Rogers polled 4,040 votes, or 44 more than did Mr. Moss four years ago, while Mr. Foy's vote was 1,701 less than Mr. Howland secured four years ago. The total vote polled in the North was 171 less than four years ago; in the South 1717 less; in the East 567 less, while in the West the total vote was larger by 2652 than the vote of four years ago. It seems to have been a hard fight in West Toronto, and Dr. Spence polled 450 more votes than Mr. Crawford did in 1894. The vote came out in that constituency as in no other quarter of the city.

Both parties have added some good men to their fighting strength in the Legislature, this, of course, being especially true of the Conservatives. Mr. J. J. Foy of South Toronto, Mr. H. Carscallen and Mr. E. A. Colquhoun of Hamilton, Dr. Jamieson of South Grey, Mr. Powell of Ottawa, Mr. White of Renfrew, Mr. Wardell of Wentworth, and several others will be valuable additions to Mr. Whitney's forces. The Liberals regard Mr. Graham of Brockville, Mr. John R. Barber of Georgetown, Mr. Pettipiece of Forest, and Mr. Russell of Deseronto as decided additions to their strength. But against them must be set down the loss of Messrs. Dryden and Gibson, who were undoubtedly defeated for the sake of their relatives. This much, at least, has been brought out; that a Minister's relatives must not be looked after to the detriment of others. The Conservatives have lost Dr. Willoughby and Mr. St. John.

Those who are interested in Canadian art have reason to feel pleased at the steady improvement in the quality of work being done by our artists. The Royal Canadian Academy, which opened its exhibition in Toronto on Thursday evening, has advanced art a long way in the few years of its existence. The exhibit this year is a good one and should be visited by all those who give thought to the graces and gentler influences of life. Four representative pictures are reproduced by photography and engraving on this page, and give some idea of the merit of the exhibition.

The people of the town of Clinton appear to realize that they cannot make much business headway by sitting down and trading jack-knives among themselves, and on March 14 will vote on a by-law authorizing a loan of \$25,000 for thirty years to Mr. W. D. Doherty, the organ manufacturer, whose works were consumed by fire on February 1. For years that big organ factory has been the mainstay of the town, keeping a large body of men employed the year around. The labor of these men was paid for by money that came from Australia, Europe, and near and remote parts of Canada—a constant stream of hard cash coming from far quarters of the two hemispheres to Clinton, when it was broken into small handfuls and distributed about to replenish and freshen trade like a spring of running water in a dry district. The value of such an industry is only realized when it ceases to operate, and I am told that the ratepayers of Clinton will almost unanimously support the loan, being deeply conscious that the fire was a calamity that all must share one way or another. What is true of Clinton in regard to this one industry, is true of Canada in a hundred ways. If our anvils are to ring and our tall chimneys to emit smoke, we must do business with the world as well as among ourselves; we must not only produce and consume, but also export and import. We cannot go on forever trading a cow for a fanning-mill, and then trading back the fanning-mill for the cow, but we must interest a third, a fourth and a hundredth person in the network of exchanges, and play a noticeable part in the world's game of trade. Until we get away from the idea that we must sell our goods to our nearest neighbors we will be a provincial and colonial people in matters of trade, paying tribute to merchants sitting in New York and Liverpool, making fortunes out of the Canadian natives who, with aboriginal simplicity, sell their goods at the nearest trading-post and curse the hardness of the times. We must not sell for dollars only, but for pounds, shillings and pence, francs, marks, piastres, roubles, ducats, florins, rupees, lire, yens, crowns, pesos, or anything else that passes current in any part of the world among people who do business. Perhaps in the past we have been disposed to try to live by the most rudimentary form of trade—our own cities trading their manufactures to our own agricultural districts for their products.

Dogs are still being carried by the hundreds and thousands to Vancouver for use on the Klondike trip, and there is still very good reason for doubting that many of these animals will be worth powder enough to blow their heads off when they are set to do actual work. A correspondent writing to me from Vancouver tells me that some dogs of real value are being taken to the north, but that the great majority of the canines sold in the Pacific Coast cities at from twenty-five to fifty dollars per head, are mere curs and will prove to be of no value whatever. This confirms an opinion that we have already expressed, and it is to be feared that this is true, and that so many misled, maltreated and useless curs will be killed by their disappointed owners that their bodies will almost choke the mountain passes. In conversation with Mr. Arthur H. Heming, who leaves for Dawson City early in April at the head of a party composed largely of Hamilton men, he told me that on a journey even good dogs can only carry their own weight, and require to be fed six pounds of fish per day.

It was not fished until it reached the Havana postoffice, where it was seized by an employee in league with the Cubans and turned over to them." This letter is from a gentleman who is right on the inside of the newspaper circle in New York, yet his explanation does not agree with any of the others that are made by those who combat the idea that the United States Government made use of a letter that had been stolen from its own mails—a letter sent by a guest of the nation to a friend in another country. This New York newspaper man concedes that the letter never reached Senor Canalejas, to whom it was addressed, but attributes the theft to a Cuban sympathizer in the Havana postoffice—a singularly unlikely place to find a Cuban sympathizer. There are too many explanations, and some of them are wrong. The necessity for explaining the possession of this letter is being slowly realized by the people of the United States, and yarns are being invented to account for it without admitting that the United States mails were robbed. Since last week a story was



"PLOWING."

W. CRICKSHANK, R.C.A.

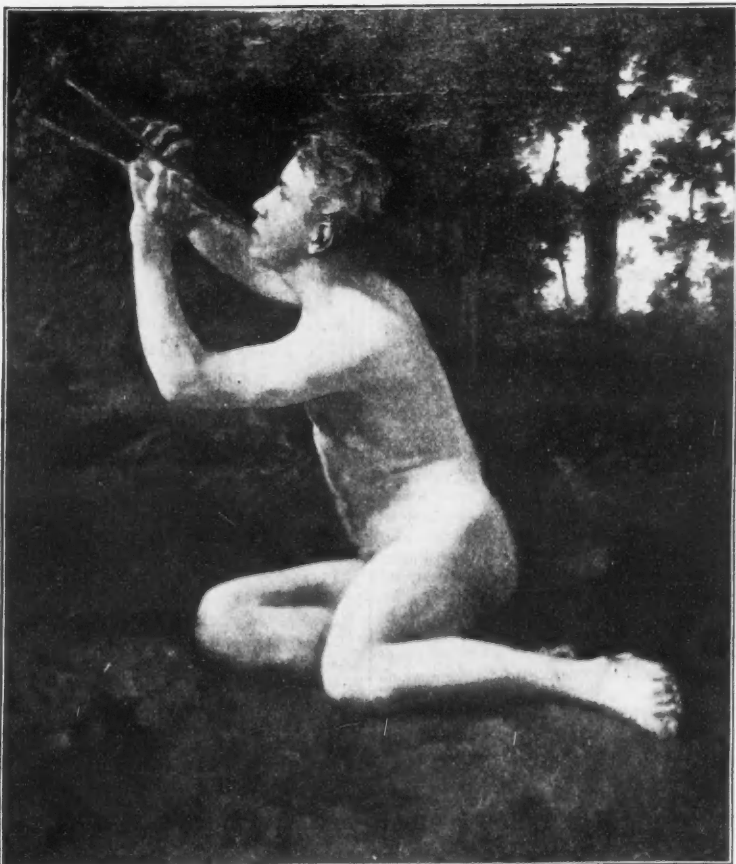
Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

which, if figured out, means that in traveling a country where dog-food cannot be procured, even good dogs cannot haul the food they would require on a thirty days' trip. In the Arctic north this is overcome in a measure by the fact that the native dogs are cannibalistic, and a man starting out on a journey with a dog-train fifty strong, reaches his destination with four or six, the train having "shrunk" to that proportion. Thus it is not necessary to carry dog-food, for it carries itself, the dog-train being, as it were, self-supporting. The curs of every breed that are being shipped by hundreds to Skagway know nothing of such stern economy as this, nor are they likely to turn eagerly to an exclusive diet of fish after being reared on chops, dog-biscuits and loaf-sugar by adoring mistresses before the dog-catchers got into correspondence with speculators in the West. By the way, Mr. Heming, to whom I have referred, will take his party to the Klondike by way of Edmonton and the Mackenzie River, a route with which he is in part familiar and thinks highly of. It is the poor man's route, and, with

telegraphed from Washington in which it was darkly insinuated that De Lome had consumed too much wine on the day the letter was written, and enclosed the epistle in the wrong envelope, sending it to a prominent man in Washington. In view of the many contradictory stories that are being told to exonerate the mail service of the republic, it seems necessary for President McKinley to call a cabinet meeting and officially authorize the best story that has so far been produced.

It seems that it was "a young Montreal advocate" who started the cruel rumor that Mr. Evanturel of Prescott, Speaker in the last House, was neutral during the campaign and ready to accept a portfolio in Mr. Whitney's Cabinet should that gentleman be in a position to form a Government. On the second day after the election a special despatch from Montreal to the *Mail and Empire* represented Mr. Evanturel as expressing much annoyance at the rumor. He also expressed a belief that Mr. Hardy would have a working majority. The *Evening Star* of Wednesday, which is friendly to the Government, stated that "a trusted messenger had been despatched to the East to interview Mr. Evanturel" in Mr. Hardy's behalf. That our public men should be subjected to the annoyance of such rumors as this is to be deplored, but as a believer in political fairness I could have wished that Mr. Evanturel had repudiated this rumor whilst there would have been virtue in the repudiation of it, instead of waiting until he could preface it with the opinion that he felt "sure that Mr. Hardy would have a working majority." The rumor appeared to have body and bones put into it by the fact that Mr. Evanturel, although one of the best speakers in the province and elected by acclamation, did not go out stumping. While we must deplore the rumor, we can scarcely allow it to surprise us.

On the whole the speech-making during the campaign that closed in Ontario on Tuesday was not of a high order. Of the meetings that I attended in Toronto it may be said that, with speeches made by a few experienced debaters excluded, the speaking was extremely bad, dull, crude, illogical, and likely to discourage the popular habit of attending public meetings. The depressing influences of bad speeches may cause—it is to be feared—a great increase of nervous prostration among the masses. The reason of the people might well totter under the stress of arguments so raw, delivery so halting, manner so depressing, and applause so undeserved. Men got up to speak and floundered by the half-hour through alleged facts and figures, often doing their party as much harm as good. They made in many cases the most surprising admissions; started to prove points and forgot to finish; fiddled and dawdled along to their own embarrassment, to the terror of their party friends, and finally sat down, to the intense relief of all concerned. Men were asked to speak who had little to say and no facility in saying it—and this is true of both parties in the four Toronto constituencies—but being men of some private if of no public weight, it was thought wise to endure their "speeches." This may have been good play as



"MELODIES OF THE FOREST."

CHARLES E. MOSS, A.R.C.A.

Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

Nipissing will likely increase this to Three. But even so, there is not a sufficient majority in sight, and therefore we may be sure that there will begin a terrific battle in the constituency of Russell and extending through the courts, where charges of bribery and corruption will be made against almost every man elected in the province. This fight over election protests will probably be the most bitter we have ever experienced, for everything is at stake. Unless the Hardy Government can open the next session of the Legislature with a

of the *Deseronto Tribune*; George P. Graham of the *Brockville Recorder*. Three of these journalistic brethren will at the next session make their first venture into the mad life of the provincial capital, Messrs. Pettipiece, Russell and Graham. While we congratulate those editors who were successful, the sympathy of the profession will no doubt be extended to the three who were beaten: M. Y. McLean of the *Huron Express*, Sanford Evans of the *Mail and Empire*, and A. F. Pirie of the *Dundas Banner*. Of Mr. McLean it may



"INSPIRATION."

F. M'GILLIVRAY KNOWLES, A.R.C.A.

Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

its long stretch of travel down stream, is perhaps the lazy man's route, if there is any entrance open to the lazy man.

A New York newspaper man writes me to say that I am mistaken about the De Lome letter. "As a matter of fact," he says, "its existence was first learned in Washington, but



the campaign workers understand it, but the people who sat on the benches and listened were subjected to some trying ordeals.

In behalf of the wearied and worn electors it is necessary to protest against the practice of permitting a man to make a speech in order to make sure of his vote. The price is excessive and the long-suffering listeners should not be sacrificed so lightly, for they, too, have votes. It is necessary, further, to protest against the accepted idea that every young lawyer has a divine right to address public meetings. This idea is overworked, and unless the profession of law is to lose favor with the people it must restrain the ardor of its fledglings. Some of them, pale and stage-frightened, murmuring or shouting disjointed chunks of memorized speeches, are at once the terror and the amusement of hard-headed business men who attend meetings not to witness a parade of political goslings. The young man's first speech from the hustings is a terrible thing for himself and his listeners. He begins with a stately introduction, and in a moment is floundering for his life; he has forgotten his lines and can't read his notes, but in his wild clutchings he catches his peroration, which he pours out fluently; it is grandiose, exalted, but, being out of all proportion to the rest of the speech and out of keeping with the stage presence of the young man, causes the sensitive people in the crowd to feel cold chills and hot flushes alternately. Sympathetic persons feel ashamed that they have seen the discomfiture of a speaker whose hopes had been high, and the failure of a speech that must have sounded well at rehearsal. This is a young man's country and young men should be given a chance when they are ready to improve the opportunity, but perhaps more young men have of late spoiled themselves by getting on the platform too soon than too late.

Yet after all, these young men speak English. Those who have attended public meetings during the campaign know that many of the speakers do not. Indeed, so marked is this that the Toronto Public School Board might well pass a regulation forbidding school-children to venture near a political meeting. Boys find that the language of the schools is despised even by men whose names are household words in the city—men who can count their majorities by the hundreds over candidates, however able, who may oppose them for elective offices. The simplest rules of elementary grammar are ignored, and if boys were to conclude that schooling was sheer humbug it would not be surprising. Adults know that any man who talks sense deserves to be listened to with respect, but boys who come out for an evening from the care of their school-masters and hear parliamentary candidates and others tearing the English language into tatters to the accompaniment of popular applause, may thereafter be very poor pupils. This whole subject, however, is perhaps better suited for private consideration than for public discussion.

The "war news" that comes to us from the United States is largely made up of the fake despatches written for the New York yellow journals, and is therefore absolutely valueless. There is, however, in the bare particular terms and merits of the situation, enough cause for believing that war may result. There are powerful influences in the United States that will resist any attempt to explain the destruction of the warship Maine as an accident—the builders of ships, the furnishers of supplies, the navy and its friends, and all who might be accused of neglect, fraud or incompetence, should the verdict declare that the explosion occurred through some error in the economy or management of the ship. Spain will not admit that the Maine was blown up by a mine or torpedo boat, unless it is true—not even to avert war. It is difficult to see any way out of the situation when we consider the characters of the two nations—Spain with her high, if artificial, notions of honor; the United States restrained by her false pride from admitting that the Maine was built and managed like a Government job, and her people looking eagerly in all directions for any kind of trouble. The only explanation that remains unsuggested is that the Maine was blown up by a yellow journal to make a paragraph.

The resolute letter sent to the Street Railway Company by City Engineer Rust is, or should be, the opening gun of a determined fight on the part of the city to compel a sufficient street car service. The replies so far made by the company are but evasions; and the people can only learn the extent of the mastery which the railway has over the citizens by means of a lawsuit pressed to a stern conclusion. It is necessary to know whether the citizen must stand or walk, and public opinion will support the Council in pressing the matter. A deep hush has succeeded to the active month that opened the year at City Hall, and a show of enterprise in this matter would be reassuring. MACK.

#### British Columbia Comment.

The gentlemen promulgating the British Columbia Chamber of Mines have met, elected officers, and formulated by-laws. Let us wish them every success. The idea is worthy of all encouragement if conducted along the lines upon which it has been instituted. Yet, unless the Chamber adopts firmer, more public-spirited rules of procedure than the late lamented British Columbia Stock and Mining Exchange, its existence will probably be as short-lived and uneventful. Invitations to attend the initial meeting of the Chamber were sent broadcast about the country, but to all appearances did not meet with any overwhelming degree of enthusiasm. On the contrary, some of the up-country papers did not hesitate to throw cold water upon the whole project, and expressed the suspicion that the institution would be operated solely in the interests of a certain clique of Coast stock-jobbers. Gentlemen of the Chamber of Mines, beware! The mining interests of the Kootenays, Lillooet and Slokan have suffered much in the commercial centers of the world by the irresponsible grasping methods pursued by a certain section of so-called financiers. You are handling a ticklish question. See to it that nothing is done to upset

public confidence in this industry—the backbone, the marrow and sinew of our province.

The post-office employees of Vancouver wish to register a vigorous kick. It is not often that governmental servants get a *bona fide* chance to complain, but in this instance it is evident that the grumblings are based on just grounds. Vancouver has to-day as large a population as Victoria. It is safe to say, then, that quite as much mail matter is handled in one city as the other. Victoria has a staff of twenty-two inside clerks and thirteen letter-carriers. Vancouver has a staff of nine and eight respectively. These figures may not be absolutely correct, but are approximately so. Since the taking over of the business by the Government some four years ago, Vancouver's post-office has been run on the cheap. The clerks, as a rule, are obliged to work nine and ten hours a day to keep pace with the growing demands made upon them. This is not so very awful in itself. Many people have to work ten out of the twenty-four hours, and some are undoubtedly the better for it. But ten hours' labor at the munificent salary of \$40 per month is not very encouraging. This is what the senior letter-carriers receive. In Toronto and Montreal the rate of wages is something higher than this. And it costs more to maintain life in the West than in the East. If this is acknowledged, then the salary scale should be adjusted in accordance.

Why does one city enjoy an advantage over the other? Has the capital city a pull with the Government? It would seem so. Vancouver returned a Government supporter in '90; Victoria did not. So far Vancouver has met with no reward for her virtue. This cry has been raised very often by the Liberal workers in the Terminal City. But it is not the right way to look at it. It is not the truly loyal way. It betrays the wolf nature. Let the case be looked into by all means, and if any hardship prevails remedy it without hesitation, but let the thing be done strictly on its merits with fairness to all, favoritism to none, for in such manner only should the administration of the country be carried on. We look hopefully for the time when the public service shall be so conducted; we look also, and with equal confidence, for the day when nothing but justice shall be found in the courts, and all Christians shall practice as they preach. J.

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 23, '98.

#### Society at the Capital.

LENT has cast its sombre shadow over society here, and although small teas continue to be given, no large function has taken place. The M. P.'s, with their "sisters and cousins and aunts," have had a week's holiday, and now that they have returned the Russell House is again the center of matters political and social.

Everyone agrees—and that is a very rare thing here—that M. Pol Plancon's concert in the Russell Theater on Monday evening was an unqualified success. Society with a capital S was there in all the glory of smart toilettes and sparkling jewels. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a large party, occupied two of the boxes, the others having as occupants Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss and Miss Dainty of Cobourg, Dr. and Mrs. Drowne, General and Mrs. Gascoigne, and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy. A few of those I noticed in the orchestra stalls were: Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell, Hon. Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair, the Misses Blair, Mrs. A. T. Wood of Hamilton, Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Hon. C. Sifton and Mrs. Sifton, Mme. Tarte, Miss Tarte, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Egan, Miss Thistle, and many others.

After the concert Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss gave a *recherche* little supper in her handsome residence in Wurtemberg street. The guests included: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mrs. Wilson, Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper, Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, Lady Caron, Mrs. John Cawthra of Toronto, Miss Cawthra, Miss Martin-Smith, Mrs. William Macdonald, Mrs. Hayter Reed, Mme. Bergeron, Mme. D'Alvigny, M. Du Dumas, Mr. Agar Adamson, Capt. Tharp, A. D. C., and of course the guest of honor, M. Pol Plancon.

Miss Rose of Toronto, who has been the guest of Mrs. George Henderson, left on Tuesday for Montreal, where she will pay a brief visit before returning home.

Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas arrived in town this week and is the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Dr. Fotheringham of Toronto is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David MacLaren.

A bright little five-o'clock tea was given in honor of Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Toronto, on Saturday afternoon, by Mrs. W. L. Heron. A few of those invited to meet these popular visitors were: Mrs. Gascoigne, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Mme. Taschereau, Mme. Girouard, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Louis Jones, Mrs. Wood of Hamilton, Miss Wood, and a number of others.

Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne left on Tuesday for Washington, where they will be the guests of Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefoot.

Two very popular hostesses, Mrs. Martin Griffin and Mrs. Joseph Pope, gave enjoyable five-o'clock teas on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. Z. Palmer gives a large At Home on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday Mme. Taschereau entertains at lunch in honor of Mrs. Cawthra of Toronto.

The engagement is announced this week of Mr. Ned Grant, son of Sir James Grant, to Miss Pullar, daughter of Mr. James F. Pullar of Rosebank, Perth, Scotland.

Hon. Mr. Mulock and Mrs. Mulock of Toronto arrived in town last week. They have taken as their residence Capt. Benoit's handsome house in Theodore street. Mrs. Mulock was at home on Monday afternoon to hosts of callers.

Mrs. Irving Cameron of Toronto, who has been on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Douglas Cameron, returned home on Thursday. Mrs. Cameron's friends, innumerable here, regret that her visit was so brief a nature.

The Countess of Aberdeen gave a most delightful skating-party on Saturday evening last between the hours of nine and twelve. Lady Aberdeen, as usual, received in the cosy skating pavilion, the refreshments being served

at a buffet in the large ball-room. This skating-party took the place of the usual "Saturday afternoon," as it is called, an innovation which, by the way, called forth unqualified praise.

Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. R. R. and Mrs. Dobell, as well as Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Edgar, give large dinner parties this week.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Toronto, and her charming daughter are two very popular additions to the gay *coterie* which inhabits the Russell during the session.

The success of the *tableaux vivants* which take place in the Russell Theater on Tuesday evening, is already more than assured. But of this popular entertainment more anon. Ottawa, March 1, 1898.

#### Social and Personal.

A quiet ceremony took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Hon. Wm. Proudfoot, in Queen's Park, when Miss Isobel Althison Proudfoot and Mr. John Howard Logan of Alleghany were married. Rev. Dr. Proudfoot and Rev. Thomas Logan, brother of the groom, officiated. Miss Proudfoot's bridal gown was of heavy white satin embroidered with pearls, and she wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by Miss Douglas as bridesmaid, and her three young nieces, Miss Marsh, Miss Proudfoot and Miss Stevenson. The best man was Rev. Mr. Bryan. Mrs. Logan's going-away gown was of cadet blue cloth. The newly married couple will reside in Alleghany, where Mr. Logan is interested in local iron industries. Mrs. Logan's departure from Toronto is much regretted by the many friends of her esteemed and respected family.

One feature of the Lenten season which amply occupies and pleases society on Saturday afternoons, is the series of lectures arranged by the authorities of Trinity and St. Hilda's for the benefit of the latter, so literally the "sister" college. The first lecture was indeed a treat, bringing before the public an eloquent Irishman, whose beautiful periods were only equalled by his excellent dramatic force and prodigious memory. Mr. Waters of Ottawa will always be welcome in Toronto after his splendid lecture on Nathaniel Hawthorne and his works last Saturday, in which he brought the personality of the sombre soul-prober before a remarkably cultured and rapt audience, in a silhouette at once striking and ineffaceable. The Provost introduced Mr. Waters, and Prof. Clark occupied a seat on the platform. I have never seen a sea of more appreciative and intelligent faces than looked up at the lecturer from the ranks upon ranks of chairs which crowded Convocation Hall, refined and thoughtful women, men of affairs, clever girls and old persons nodding approval. Mr. Waters was more than complimentary to his audience in his brief word of thanks for their attendance and attention, acknowledging the inspiration their receptive and intelligent attitude had been. After the lecture, the lecturer and a small party of friends took five-o'clock tea at the Lodge, where Mrs. Welch was, as ever, the kind and winning hostess, and baby Welch toddled about in great shape, a most petted and charming mannie of two. Some of the Provost's guests were: Mrs. Harmon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Sandys, Dean and Mrs. Rigby, Professor and Mrs. McKenzie, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Stratford, Professor Huntingford, and several others. Teas were also in progress in college. Professor and Mrs. Clark receiving a number of friends, and some of the "dens" being the scene of cosy little parties.

Mrs. T. M. Harris of Madison avenue entertained a number of lady friends at luncheon on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at her residence in St. Vincent street. Mrs. Nesbitt will afterwards receive on Mondays.

And so the great Plancon is to return next Saturday evening to sing in the Armories under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles. This crack regiment made a neat stroke of enterprise in securing this splendid singer, and the Armories, the largest building in Canada, is a fitting auditorium for the greatest basso of the day. The occasion promises to be a red letter one in the history of local music.

Mrs. Cockburn has gone south on a visit of some weeks with her mother, Mrs. Zane, that ever young and bright great-grandmamma, whom we hope to see soon again in Toronto. Mr. Cockburn accompanied Mrs. Cockburn, but will return at once to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow are another host and hostess who desert the North during trying early Spring. Mrs. Ward and the heavenly twins accompanied them to the South.

Mrs. Christie gave a large tea on Thursday for her guest, Mrs. Holmes of New York. McConkey's artistic arrangement of the table was much admired with its springlike center-piece of yellow tulips, set on a bed of soft white *tulle* over yellow silk; violet, white and green ribbons, and hundreds of sweet, natural violets were used in the exquisite scheme. The usual smart house party received, and a septette of charming assistants were in charge of the refreshments. Soft orchestral music was mingled with the usual merry chatter.

A little band of workers have arranged to hold a bazaar in aid of the Children's Aid Society this afternoon at Room A, Confederation Life Building, west entrance. They call themselves the Violet Club, and the following are the names of the members: Misses Jessie Barber, Gladys Bilton, Ollie Brush, Irene Carriek, Corinne Dingman, Gladys Gurney, Nora Hamilton, Ethel Hutchins, Mabel Lennox, Marjorie Murray, Eline Rose, Kallie Snow and Helen Stout. Every detail has been arranged by the little tots, even to hiring the hall, and from present indications they will make a good showing.

Some fine attractions are promised for the Horse Show. The energetic secretary, Mr. Stewart Houston, has already several most interesting features *en train*. I hear the great and only Batonyi, whom the New York press saluted last year as king of the horse show, is

to be asked to drive or judge, or do both, the report of his departure for Europe having been quite untrue. Last year Batonyi was quite a bonanza for reporters after his series of triumphs in England, where he secured a boxful of prizes and championships and such small things, dear to the horse-lover. Perhaps Toronto men would not become hysterical over the invention of a new driving-coat, nor lose sleep discussing the proper height and rolled brim of a coaching-hat as they did in Gotham, but apart from duds, there is no question that the Hungarian whose word is law in these matters is also the most consummate driver in strength and skill we have ever seen in Toronto. It is an education in such matters to look at him on the box.

Bishop DuMoulin, who has been lying quite ill at The Oaks for some days, with Mrs. DuMoulin in attendance, was, at time of going to press, much better. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, his host and hostess, were quite alarmed at their guest's illness, which for some days threatened to be a serious matter. Needless to say that their anxiety was shared by everyone.

Mr. Jos. Irving of China Hall, King street east, sails from New York on Saturday on the s.s. Umbria for Liverpool on a purchasing tour.

The following is taken from the New York *Tribune*, and speaks of Ysaye's re-appearance since returning from Europe: "It was a delight to hear M. Ysaye on his return to us proclaim, first of all, his devotion to the purest and highest ideals in art. There is no violinist whom we know who can preach the great, broad, liberal, multiform, vital evangel of



YSAYE.

beauty as he can; none who can so infuse old and apparently antiquated measures with quick, pulsating life. No music is music to him which is not warm with feeling, and if he can be said to have one mission paramount to every other it is to compel all who can hear him to feel that the formalist and strict logician, Bach, is as full of sentiment as the youngest of the romantic composers of to-day."

This evening a very pretty dinner party will be given at McConkey's by Mr. C. W. Darling of Ravensmount to the hockey team of U. C. C. The decorations will be in college colors of dark blue and white, and the favors will be fairly hockey sticks. The boys will assuredly have a very jolly evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt have returned from their wedding trip. Mr. W. H. Cawthra has gone to England. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones give a dinner at Llawhaden on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Morse of Winnipeg, who has been a welcome guest at Mrs. Harton Walker's, has gone to England. Miss Clark of Woodstock has been visiting Mrs. Macoun of Spadina avenue; on Wednesday Mrs. Macoun gave a small evening in her honor. Mrs. and Miss Frada Montzambert have returned from a very pleasant visit in Boston.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer gave a dinner, at which covers were laid for twenty. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, and Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler.

A veritable crush was Mrs. Byron Walker's tea on Wednesday afternoon, the affair being a farewell to the hostess and her daughter, who leave for several months in Italy next week. The artistic and spacious home of the hostess was crowded during the fashionable hour, and the best wishes were voiced by all for a happy holiday and a safe return to the intending travelers. The Misses Buchan presided in the dining-room, where a very pretty table, done in tulips and narcissi, in a scheme of crimson and white, was elegantly filled with the usual dainties. The guests emphasized that curious perversity which induces women to pack themselves into one room to the verge of suffocation, and leave many a roomy corner unoccupied without, with the result that a party intended to comfortably fill the house uncomfortably crowds one apartment. But the ethics of the afternoon tea are beyond mortal ken and its ways past discussion.

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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Percy Galt left this week for a trip to New York. Mrs. Harry Totten, who has not been well, has also gone away for a short change. Mrs. Humphrey of Pembroke street had a very serious fall on Ash Wednesday and has been confined to her room ever since, but is getting about again. Mrs. Ferguson of East Lawn is getting stronger after a serious attack of quinsy. Mrs. Irving Cameron has returned from a delightful visit in Ottawa, the pleasure of which was somewhat interfered with by bad weather. Mrs. Henry Ince returned from St. Catharines last week, being summoned here in reference to her action for damages now pending against the city. Mr. Sigmund Samuel returned from England this week. Mr. Reginald Boulton and his brother, Mr. Alfred Boulton, have gone to the gold country. Mrs. Boulton has been visiting with Mr. Boulton, sr., and will go for a visit to her parents, Col. and Mrs. Tisdale, in Simcoe. Mr. James Carruthers leaves this week for California, his physician having recommended the change. Dr. Doolittle is going west for a trip this month. Mrs. Bromley Davenport goes next week for a visit to Mrs. George Dunstan in Homewood avenue. Miss Harmon Brown is spending a few weeks in New York. Mr. Brennan, the handsome big editor of the *Summerside (P.E.I.) Journal*, was in town for a few days this week. Mr. Charlie Lee was very welcome home in time for the last dance of the season. Colonel Sweny is still a prisoner from the accident to his knee some weeks ago. Mr. Sherwood Hodgins left for his ship, the *Imperieuse*, last week and will join it on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Hardy did not receive on Tuesday afternoon, being, presumably, too anxious about the elections. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra are enjoying a quietly social time in Ottawa after their Bermuda trip, and sail shortly for the Old Country. Miss Clara Wright of Port Huron, who came down for the Grens' dance, left on Sunday night for a visit east. Mrs. Aylmer of Peterboro' is visiting Mrs. Randolph Macdonald; what Mrs. Aylmer cannot do on skates isn't worth doing; she was the cynosure of all eyes at the Skating Club Monday evening. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones will summer abroad; they leave toward the end of the month. Mrs. James and Miss Louie James are in Paris just now. An engagement between a well known musician and a charming girl is quietly acknowledged and will shortly be announced. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith are having a delightful time in California. Mrs. Humphrey Anger is in New York. Mr. C. F. Tugman and his mother left early in the week to visit relatives and friends in Detroit; it is hoped the change will be beneficial to Mrs. Tugman, who has not been well recently. Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hees and Mrs. Stephen Haas left this week for quite an extended southern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mutton of Metcalfe street have returned home after a two weeks' visit in Dayton, Ohio.

As the spring draws on apace the two great post-Easter events, the Horse Show and the May Meet of the O.J.C., are the point to which thought turns. The dancing season is practically over, and a long and full one it has been, great balls, sparkling parties in the smaller halls; lovely Tuesdays during the Aberdeen adjourn at Government House, and each seat of learning to the fore with a first-rate jolly evening; the Yacht Club ball and the charming dance of the Toronto Club—these and a very few dances in private houses, of which that at Glenedryth was perhaps the pleasantest, though, indeed, Waveney's was a delightful one, and Llawhaden outdid them all in fun and elaborateness; some stately dinners for brides and distinguished visitors, and the unusual succession of such affairs which marked the visit of His Excellency and the installation of a new Lieutenant-Governor. All these, overshadowed by the glory of the Victorian Era ball, have made the past season notable. It is hoped that the combine lately agreed upon between the committee of the Military Tournament and the management of the great gala event of spring, the Horse Show, will result in an affair fitted to close so brilliant a season, and that it will find an enthusiastic endorsement from society, both in Toronto and her sister cities great and small.

An event of next month, April 14, 15 and 16, which will doubtless be a very great success, is the entertainment to be given in the Grand by the Highland Regiment, assisted by several amateur actors and actresses, some of whom will be heard and seen on the Toronto stage for the first time. Harry Rich is to be stage manager for the dramatic representation, and among those taking part in the play are bewitchingly pretty Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. Muir (nee Mack of St. Catharines), Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Marion Chadwick, young ladies who have won laurels on several occasions. Mr. A. McLean Macdonell and Mr. George Dunstan are two of the men cast for prominent parts.

Mr. Fraser of the Dominion Bank will be much missed from his post, he having bidden farewell to his place there and accepted the secretaryship of the Ontario Jockey Club. Mr. Fraser was probably as popular as any young banker in Toronto, and will no doubt be now the right man for his new duties.

Mr. Robert Suydam of Denver, who has spent some three months in Toronto, leaves immediately for the West Coast. His friends will miss this pleasant and popular young man.

Mrs. Duncan Shaw of Brandon is, with her little daughter, visiting relatives in the city.

The W. A. A. Saturday Sketch Club will meet on Saturday, March 5, at Miss F. L. Lindsay's, 72 Homewood avenue, at 7:30 p.m. sharp, instead of Miss Drummond's, as previously arranged.

Miss Edith Perry of Walmer road left for New York yesterday with her father, Mr. R. D. Perry. They go from there next week for a cruise of six weeks among the West Indies and Windward Islands.

A short course of lectures has been arranged at Upper Canada College for the Friday evenings of March. The first was given last evening, March 4, by Captain A. H. Lee, R.A., of the Royal Military College, Kingston. His subject

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was Waterloo, and the lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views. On March 11 the Principal lectures upon Our Ocean Empire, and on March 25 Mr. J. W. Bengough is to give an evening of amusement under the name of Crayon and Comedy. Tickets for the course are one dollar; for single lectures thirty-five cents. These can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. A. S. Pease, or the treasurer, Mr. C. W. Darling, at the College, or through any Upper Canada College boy. The proceeds of the lectures are to assist in the equipment of the Rifle Corps, and no doubt the Old Boys and friends of the College will assist in making the course a success.

On Friday evening of last week the Misses Stuart of 98 Dowling avenue were at home to a number of their friends. Progressive pedro occupied the earlier part of the evening and was followed later on by dancing. The beautiful drawing-rooms, so perfectly adapted for such a function, were nicely decorated, and many were the cosy corners arranged for

sitters-out. The ever-bright hostesses had spared no pains in attending to the comfort of their guests, and "one of the most enjoyable dances of the season" was the unanimous conclusion of those present. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willson, Misses Kelly, Belcher, Howson, Henderson, McKellar, Dixon, Leadley, Duff, Lumley, Might and Gillis; Messrs. Robilliard, Henvarth, F. Perrin, N. Poucher, C. Lanskaill, W. Wrinch, K. Elliott, Scheak, Kendal, Shields, Robinson and others.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. Rex Macdonald and Mrs. Grace Whitney (nee Headley.)

Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge gave a young folks' tea for her daughters' guest, Miss Crerar of Hamilton, on Tuesday afternoon, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a bright party, Carlton Lodge being always an ideal place for young folks, who are wont to gather there very often on the smallest excuse. In fact, the Judge and Mrs. Macdougall are always sure of a group of the junior members of society on Sunday afternoon and evening, when an hour in those home-like rooms and a cordial welcome are among the good things of a quiet day. On Tuesday a pretty group of young girls were in charge of the tea-table, very charming being Mrs. Charlie Ryerson's two sweet daughters.

A number of Canadians met the other evening in a tea-room at Nice, France, and spent a most unexpected happy hour together. They were Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Nanton, Mr. and Mrs. George Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Matthewson and Mr. Bidman, most of them being Winnipeg people. Mrs. and Miss Glass will not probably return to Canada before midsummer.

Signor Pier Delasco gave a largely attended musicale in his studio, Confederation Life Building, yesterday afternoon, where, as usual, a tremendous turnout of society enjoyed a fine programme.

A couple of pleasant dinner parties at Glenedryth were among this week's most agreeable functions.

Last evening several affairs broke Lenten dullness into prismatic if evanescent sparkle, a jolly dinner at the Country and Hunt Club, a reception in honor of Miss Grace Bucke at Ermeleigh, a couple of bright card parties, and a Lenten diversion known as a starvation supper at a smart home, being of the number. The dishes at the latter affair are worthy of imitation, for they were delicious.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin gave a very elegant dinner on Thursday evening, when their *biou* home in Jarvis street was most cordially thrown open to a smart little party of friends.

Under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat and Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, a very smart musical and dramatic entertainment will be given next Thursday evening in aid of Grace Hospital. Five numbers, contributed by Miss Gurney, Mr. Robert Drummond, Mr. Cleworth, Miss Lash and Herr Rudolf Ruth, a galaxy of the most tempting talent in Toronto, are to be followed by a one-act comedy, *Kitty Clive*, in which that pretty creature, Miss Crerar of Hamilton, takes the lady's part. Mrs. Blight will accompany the singers, and the programme is quite the most enticing gotten together this season. A comparatively new name to Toronto is that of Mr. Robert Drummond, a handsome young fellow from Glasgow, with a delightful cultured tenor voice, and a popularity in club and social circles which leaves him not an hour to himself. Tickets for this charming little concert may be had from Bain, King street east, from 52 Carlton street, or from Mrs. Macdougall, Carlton Lodge, and are placed at half a dollar.

Mrs. J. Ross Graham held her first post-nuptial reception last week, on Tuesday afternoon from four to seven, at 418 Huron street, the residence of her mother, Mrs. J. Coulter, who assisted her to greet her many congratulating visitors. Mrs. R. M. Graham of London also assisted the bride, who was prettily gowned in black satin with bodice of Nile green brocade. Mrs. R. M. Graham wore pink silk, and Miss Florence Coulter white mousseline over green silk. Miss Nudel, in pink satin, and Miss Mabel Virtue in white organdie, were presiding genii of the tea-room, which was done charmingly in pink carnations and pink lights. Among the callers were: Mrs. Charles Lugsdin, the Misses Miln, Miss Edith Simpson, Mrs. and Miss Brayley, Mrs. and Miss Radcliffe, the Misses Bull, Mrs. R. J. Score, Miss Evelyn Green, Miss Mabel Matthews, Miss Smith, Miss Sanderson, Mrs. W. N. Irwin, Miss Helen Bertram, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Mrs. James Aetn, Mrs. Frank Nudel, Mrs. (Dr.) Mills, Mrs. M. D. Carder, Mrs. W. T. Woodbridge, Miss Blackmore, Mrs. Fielding, Miss Mabel Christie, Mrs. Maguire, Mrs. and Miss McMurtry, Miss Armstrong.

The able editor (ironically)—Is this poetry? Contributor—Didn't I begin each line with a capital letter?—*Boston Traveler*.

Yeast—Can you tell anything about a man by simply looking at his face? Crimmonbeak—Why, certainly. I can tell whether he has whiskers or not.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Stranger (in Texas)—How long do you fellows work at a stretch? Cowboy—Well, it depends a good deal on how easy de feller dies. Day're variable.—*Judge*.

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## LADY HILDA AND THE COLONEL.

A STORY OF BOSHAM MUD.

BY THEO. GIFT,

Author of "Wrecked at the Outset," "Pretty Miss Belle," "Dishonored," etc.

(Copyrighted, 1888, by Mrs. D. H. Boulger.)

"You might do worse," said the Colonel. "I don't agree with you," said Lady Hilda. "I mean that think about it," said the Colonel.

"Is it worse to do bad things than to think about them?" asked Lady Hilda.

"But I don't allow that this is bad," said the Colonel. "It wouldn't be bad for me."

"Even that might be open to doubt," said Lady Hilda.

"And I don't believe it would be as bad for you as you think."

"Ah, that's just where the thinking comes in," said Lady Hilda.

"Then don't think at all," said the Colonel, jumping up and putting out his hand to her. "Do it without thinking. Come!"

Lady Hilda looked at the hand, which was lean and brown, and had a big ugly scar right across the back of it where an assagai had gone through and pinned it to his saddle. Then she looked up in his face—a lean, brown, ugly face, with another big scar marring one eyebrow, and a long, ragged gray moustache pointed, Don-Quixote-like, at the tips. Then her cheeks dimpled enchantingly, and she laughed.

"What—now?" she said. "Oh, no, quite impossible. I am just going to lunch on board the lugger."

"So am I," said the Colonel. "Though for that matter there might be time before lunch. Nothing makes one so hungry as church, and the marriage ceremony—"

"Please don't talk nonsense," said Lady Hilda sharply, and growing pink under her hat.

She wore a wonderful hat, about a yard and a half in circumference, all made of little frills of transparent white tulle garlanded with a wreath of wild clematis, which looked as if it had been picked from a neighboring hedges, and which had really been supplied by a fabulously expensive French milliner on the Boulevard Haussmann; also a wonderful blouse of transparent white muslin, fluted and frilled like the hat, and pinched in at the waist with an absurdly small silver belt over a pale blue canvas skirt, short enough to show her pale blue stockings and high-heeled tan shoes. Lady Hilda always said she enjoyed nothing so much in the country as the privilege of "wearing rags." The Colonel, who never knew what women had on, stood smiling down at her, and thinking how pretty she was.

"It was you who were talking nonsense," he said mildly. "I never suggested the present moment; though, of course, I should be more than delighted. Still, if you will only promise to do it at all, I will be equally generous on my side, and will let you name your own day."

"Really! Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Then—if we are both alive and single, this day a hundred years hence." But her blue eyes still smiled up at him pleasantly, and she touched lightly the scarred brown hand with one very like a soft white flower bud, as she added: "Don't be disagreeable any more, Colonel Druce, please."

"Why do you always get your pronouns wrong?" he said, petulantly. "It is you who are being disagreeable; not I. But you mean, then, that you won't—really?"

"You know I won't. Haven't I said so often enough before? It isn't fair of you; and when we were such good friends, too!"

"All right, we will remain good friends then, if you are sure you prefer it."

"Of course I prefer it."

"Only I ought to tell you that I meant this to be the last asking."

"Why didn't you let the time before be that, and save me a whole ten minutes of unpleasantness? Still, if this is really the last, I will forgive you."

"Thank you. It really is. Good-bye."

"But I thought you were coming to lunch on board the lugger with us?"

"So I am. I was only saying good-bye to you in the character of sweetheart and wife. It is the last time, Lady Hilda. Honor bright!"

And then he went forward to meet Lady Hilda's sister, Peggy, who in company with Hon. Bertie Hilliard and Angelo Whyte, the artist, was tearing down the village street, laden with parcels of all sorts and shapes and shouting to them.

"What success foraging?" called out the Colonel.

"A. I," said Hilliard. "I've got three loaves, two dozen eggs, a pot of strawberry jam and a plank of bacon ready sliced into rashers; and Lady Peggy has three pounds of greengages, an unripe melon—"

"Not unripe at all, you tarradiddle!" retorted Lady Peggy, who was a hoyden of eighteen, only a year from the school-room, and promising to be as pretty as her sister.

"—and a currant cake baked by Huntley & Palmer within the present century," Hilliard went on, unheeding. "She wanted to have a young pig as well. It was hanging up outside the shop door, all ready scalded and scraped, and looking quite pretty; but as the woman thought it might take longer than ten minutes to fry, and we were starving, and Whyte there much too beastly lazy to carry it down to the boat, or cut it up when we got there—"

Mr. Whyte did not look like carrying a pig. He was a small, slight young man with fat, short-fingered, white hands, lips too full and too pink, dard red hair cut in a fringe on his forehead and falling low over his collar, and moist-looking, prominent, brown-black eyes, out of which he had a way of staring, dreamily or offensively, as you might choose to consider it, at most objects. He was doing so at Lady Hilda as he went close up to her, a little basket containing nothing heavier than a salad of lettuce and watercress, sheltered from the sun by a bunch of pink clover, in his hand.

"Do you know what you look like, standing there in the noonday glow," he said, "with your shadow cut out black on those gray stones and that ultra-marine blue of the water behind

you? A sketch by Tissot—the old divine Tissot, of course, before he degenerated into religion and—ugh! into painting sacred subjects—Tissot or Toudouze? But no! Only Tissot could have given the transparent shadow of that hat, and the delicate bust and arm modeling, with those delicious flesh carnations showing through the—"

"Is Whyte still rhapsodizing over Lady Peggy's scalded pig?" said the Colonel, turning around abruptly. "But pig's flesh isn't carnation, man! It's a pale salmon pink. You should teach him better, Lady Hilda."

Angelo Whyte turned his wide, dreamy stare upon the Colonel as though debating the color question in his mind, and Lady Hilda walked down to the boat, her head very erect. She wore a bunch of pink clover in her belt that day at lunch. Colonel Druce left for town directly it was over.

They were at Bosham, a village which most artists know "by sight and smell exceeding well," and nobody else knows at all: a quaint, primitive little place, all low-browed, red-tiled cottages, grouped about the head of one of the various arms of the sea which still fill the furrows in what, of erst, was Chichester Harbor, and with a grand, old pre-Norman church, in the nave of which one of Canute's daughters lies buried.

The peculiarity of the place is that, owing to the level flatness of the grassy, tree-clad shores forming the ancient harbor-bed, the sea at low tide disappears altogether, leaving behind it a plain of shining, iridescent, purple-green mud, enameled near to shore with a variegated pattern of lobster shells, tin cans, broken china, and the other ejectamenta of village life, and with craft of all sorts and sizes, from small trading-schooners to cockle-shells of dinghies, standing upright in it or heeled over on one side as though laid up *en permanence* from all thoughts of future service; while an hour or two later, when the tide has risen, that same expanse is a blue and sparkling harbor covered with frothing wavelets which throw showers of salt foam over the green-daisied meadows sloping to their edge, or reflect in calmer moments the red roofs and tall elm trees of the little village, as well as every slender spar and snowy sail of the boats now riding gaily on its blue expanse.

Artists are very fond of Bosham, which is paintable from every point of view—the church, the tiled houses and gray-stone causeway which just keeps them from sinking bodily into the mud; the bare-legged, semi-amphibious children, even the mud itself; and the Bosham folks have got used to them in return, and take little notice of the sun-tanned, shabbily-clad, paint-smearing individuals who squat, pipe in mouth, behind their canvases at most available corners.

But never had the Bosham mind been exercised as on the present occasion, when, instead of these well known and hard-working brothers of the brush—these men of the Wyllie, Herkomer, and Haite schools—Mr. Angelo Whyte, the "impressionist" painter, the most audacious of color-poster designers, the reigning craze and favorite of fashionable drawing-rooms and the New Art Club, came down for a fortnight at the end of July in company with his poet friend, Beverley Brooke, the man whose sensitiveness is so great that devoted ladies take it in turn to supply him with house room and pay his washing and tailors' bills, lest the quality of his poems should suffer from his mind being called off to such domestic brutalities, with Mrs. Verinder-Mitchell, the lady at present honored with the performance of these sacred duties, the Ladies Hilda and Margaret West, sisters of the present Duke of Strathgyle, with their maid, and a pageboy to clean the bicycles; Miss Apjohn, the daughter of a deceased bishop, who, having very little money of her own, generally lived with Mrs. Verinder-Mitchell in the capacity of *une damoise* to that saintly lady's poet-latria; Hon. Bertie Hilliard, an undergraduate nephew of Mrs. Mitchell's husband, and an amateur artist friend of his, also hailing from *Alma Mater*; a party of eight in all, under the leadership of Angelo Whyte, and calling themselves a sketching and reading club; but which might have numbered eighty, and been christened after a society erstwhile famous in the annals of Medmenham Abbey, by the flutter of excitement and dismay created by their doings in little Bosham.

Miss Apjohn smoked cigars, rode her "bike" in the tightest and briefest of "rational" costumes, and drank brandy and water "half-and-half." The ladies Hilda and Peggy only smoked cigarettes and rode in "Park habits;" but drank unlimited champagne-cup, which the page was kept making all day, and drove a butcher's cart into Chichester to visit the Cathedral (b) while Mrs. Verinder-Mitchell, who chaperoned the party, reclined under the shade of a huge red parasol on the deck of the lugger which they had chartered for the term of their stay, because the poet's nerves needed the soothing of rippling water; and that personage lay stretched on cushions at her side, and allowed her to fan the flies off him, or thrum soft accompaniments on her guitar to the broken murmur of his verses.

Their headquarters were at the village inn; but, accepting for dressing and sleeping purposes, the party troubled it little, unless when making "apple pie beds" in each other's rooms, or turning night into day with hot lobster suppers and comic songs sung to the strains of Bertie Hilliard's banjo and a whistling accompaniment by Miss Apjohn.

At other times they were all over the place, "scorching" along the level roads at the cost of riding over one old woman, annihilating a flock of fat ducks, and upsetting Lady Peggy into a ditch full of water; bathing all together from the lugger in wonderful ex-Trouville costumes, with much shouting, diving, and pauses to make sketches of one another in the water; swinging on gates, marching four abreast, arm

in arm, up the village street at midnight, singing choruses from Tannhauser, interspersed with such lyrics as "She was one of the early birds and I was one of the worms;" disappearing in couples (two of these couples being generally Lady Hilda and Angelo Whyte, and Lady Peggy and Hilliard), doing "impressions" of each other and the natives in every possible costume and attitude; smoking, whistling, chaffing, flirting; till the Boshamites stood aghast, and the fame of their doings not only spread over the county, and got into the society papers, but even penetrated to the Duke, making him gnash his teeth and use bad words over his salmon fishing in Galway.

"I wonder you allow it," said Colonel Druce. The Duke turned on him savagely.

"Allow! How am I to prevent it? Hilda'll be of age in three months. What's the good of my stopping now what she'll be free to do if she pleases then? And even you'll admit that it's better she should have Peggy with her than not. My father gave her her head in everything while he was alive; and if I were to try to hold her in now she'd simply take the bit between her teeth and bolt. Besides, to stamp on this fad would only be to start another. If it wasn't this little red-haired Hebrew—and what the women can see to admire in him and his insane daubs I don't know—"

"Nor I," said the Colonel. "Nasty, unclean-looking creature, and a cad. Sort of sweep a man with sisters oughtn't to let inside his house."

"That depends on whether his sisters look on the house as theirs or his," growled the Duke. "Last year Hilda had it filled with actors and actresses. She had a theatrical craze on then, and it was nothing but pastoral plays all the summer and then all the winter, and costumes, rehearsals, 'properties,' and declamations from morning till night. The season before one scarcely saw her. Slumming was the mania that year; and she used to live down in Whitechapel, mess about among costers and match-girls in a poke-bonnet and black gown, and drag a wretched curate around the streets with her at night in the hope of finding some *demoiselle du pave* willing to be coaxed into the fold. Of course the curate fell in love with her, and so far lost his idiotic head one day as to attempt to coax her into his fold, and of course Hilda laughed at him; though why, because of that, the fool should have chuckled up church and cure altogether, or why his vicar should have actually written to me about it, is as much a riddle to me as why my aunt, Lady Gorham, should be doing the same to-day. Fact, 'pon my honor! She even swears it's my bounden duty to marry at once, and so provide a lady head to the establishment who will keep those madcaps in order. Great Scott! I should like to see the lady who would undertake the task where Hilda is concerned!"

"A man might!" said the Colonel. "Don't be rough on her, Strathgyle. Good little girl at heart; lots of energy; only wants directing."

"I wish to heaven you had the directing of it then, and that it was to be expended on your place instead of mine. By Jove, I wonder how you'd like to have her at Draycotts! I fancy I can see Hilda painting it scarlet!"

"Can you? Wish I could," said the Colonel. "I fancy, don't you know, it wouldn't be an ugly scarlet. Besides, Draycotts stands in a good many acres and fifteenth century walls are solid. The place would bear waking up a bit."

"All right; marry her, then, and wake it up."

"I would, only I thought forced marriages were not valid under the English law at present," said the Colonel mildly.

"You mean she wouldn't have you? Why, man, when you got the V. C. in that Sudanese business she went about announcing that she would be the only man in the world that she would ever want to marry, and that she would rather be the lady of Draycotts than Queen of England."

"She was only sixteen then," said the Colonel, "and between sixteen and twenty-one a young lady's views on matrimony, and on what constitutes real beauty and fascination in a man, alter more than the man's do; especially when he is twenty years her senior."

"Anyhow, you're the only person whose opinion she cares a button for; so if you're brave enough to try your luck with such a wife, ask her, that's all."

"Oh, I have asked her. She'd rather I didn't try it."

"The deuce you have! This is the first I've heard on the subject."

"Oh, it wasn't the first time of asking. If she had said yes, you'd have heard of it before."

The Duke was scowling over the letter in his hand.

"Well, I wish I knew how much of this is true," he said. "I can't be racing off there to look into it. Besides, women exaggerate so. Still, if what she says of this fellow Whyte is correct—But then there's Mrs. Mitchell. I don't know her personally, but she's straight enough, isn't she? And she's responsible for him."

"I know her very well," said the Colonel. "Oh, yes, she's straight enough—as straight as Mitchell wants, anyway; but she's dry-nursing a poet just now; and when a woman takes to that she can't be held responsible for anyone else. Look here, Strathgyle, your father was my friend before you; if you won't go down and look up that beastly impressionist, I shall."

"I shall be asleep in another moment," said Lady Hilda, "and I know the tide's going out; I can smell the mud."

"Do go to sleep," said Angelo Whyte. "You would look even lovelier so than awake. Besides, then I could make another study of you, and call it *Psyche Asleep Among the Poppies*."

"With a box of somebody's opium pills beside her, and printed underneath, 'To be got at the makers, Messrs. So-and-so, Leadenhall street, and of all respectable chemists,'" said Lady Hilda crossly. "No, thank you, not if it is to take as long as this one! And there are Peggy and Jane, and those boys spinning down to Arundel; and I daresay having lots of fun."

"Breaking their spokes, splitting their tires, getting smothered with dust, and poisoned with bad shandygaff at roadside pubs," said Angelo Whyte. "Dear thing, do you think you would like it, when you can be as you are now—the most perfect living picture in yourself, and the most perfect inspiration for a picture to me!"

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"That's very nice," said Lady Hilda; "but I thought an inspiration worked more quickly. I've been in this position for an hour already; and I am sleepy, and I can feel all sorts of tickly, leggy things walking over my neck."

They were in a cornfield, the lower end of which fringed one of the numerous narrow arms of the sea which run up into the land in the neighborhood of Bosham. The corn stood up in a solid golden wall, ripe for cutting, pierced here and there with scarlet poppies, and only divided from the sea by a narrow strip of grass, set full of flowers—oxeye daisies, hawk-weeds, lilac scabious, and scarlet pimpernel—amid which, half in sun, half in shade, reclined Lady Hilda West, her pretty figure clad in an extremely *à fresco* costume, consisting mainly of a pale pink cambric dressing-jacket, and of a pale pink and white striped cotton skirt.

The turned-down sailor collar of the jacket was open enough to afford an ample view of her fair round throat, just as the sleeves, open too and falling only to the elbow, showed almost the whole of the bare dimpled arms, one of which served, in conjunction with the roots of a spreading elm tree, as a pillow for her curly golden head. And around this enchanting figure the flowering summer grasses, the delicate summer flowers, ruffled by the breeze, frothed in perfumed billows, which half hid, half revealed, the rounded contours buried in them, and formed a picture which Angelo Whyte, perched on a camp-stool two or three yards off, was busy transferring to canvas under the title of *A Noon-day Psyche*.

Not so busily, however, but that he found time to keep up a constant murmur of talk, breaking off occasionally to read aloud some passages from a volume of Pater which lay beside him, or recite bits of poetry, or get up to make some alteration in his model's pose or the arrangement of her drapery. Even professional models, trained to sit well, need re-adjusting now and then, amateur ones more frequently; but there are ways and ways of doing these things, and the immediate cause of Lady Hilda's irritability lay in an unpleasant sub-consciousness that Mr. Whyte's "handlings" were indulged in rather more freely, and much more lingeringly, than was needful or agreeable.

"I can't help it," he said mildly; "I am not working successfully because all the time there is one thing wrong with the composition, which I feel will spoil the whole picture; a picture which otherwise would be the gem of the winter exhibition. It vexes me."

"Then why on earth don't you alter it—if you can, that is?" said Lady Hilda pettishly. A fly had just lighted on her nose.

"You can," said Whyte. "It's the feet. You never ought to have kept on your shoes and stockings. Think of it! Psyche—even a rustic Psyche—in French shoes and black silk stockings! It's impossible; whereas, the bare feet just showing pinkly through the grass—oh, do, like a dear, kind angel, take them off."

Lady Hilda flushed.

"Oh—I don't know," she said. "Don't you think it might look rather—funny, if—anyone who didn't understand were to come this way?"

Angelo Whyte turned his blank stare on her. "Look!" he repeated vaguely. "What does it matter how things look to people who 'don't understand'? I thought we who are on the 'hilltops,' we in our own little republic of art and poetry down here, whose cult is the cult of beauty, and who worship art for art's sake, and strive only to develop it in ourselves and

others, ought to be above the social shibboleth, 'What will our neighbors think?' Surely it isn't like you to go back to—"

"No, it doesn't sound like me, does it?" said Lady Hilda, laughing a little, though her color was still high. "And certainly no one has any more right to be shocked at bare feet in a mea-

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down than bare feet on a beach. If they're necessary for the picture, of course you can have them; only you might have said so in the beginning, because then I could have done my shoeing in the dinghey, and you needn't have wasted your time."

She had seated herself among the roots of the elm tree as she spoke and was removing the objectionable footgear—a performance which, however deft a lady may be, is not so easy to achieve without (to say the least) giving some hint of ankles to an onlooker; and it did occur to Lady Hilda that a person more in slavery to "social shibboleths" than Mr. Whyte would have directed his attention elsewhere during the operation. She was, indeed, quite capable of telling him so, only that the very serenity of his wide, unabashed gaze held something as disarming as it was irritating to her; and the former feeling was increased by his calm remark as she resumed her former position:

"How dreadfully out of drawing your left ankle is! I thought it was only a shadow at first, but it's the ankle itself. I suppose high heels make them lopsided. We mustn't let it show, though."

He had gone to her while speaking, and dropping on one knee, took the little naked foot in his hand as if to alter the pose. Then a different look came into his prominent, moist, brown eyes—the look of a gluttonous boy left alone in a sweetstuff shop.

"Poo! 'little badly-used ankles!' he murmured, 'and lovely, pinky soles turning like 'rose-hued seaflovers' to the heat,' as Swinburne says. Ah, but what he ought to have gone on to say was,

"My lady's feet, like seashells pink, Might tempt, should heaven see meet, An angel's lips to kiss, we think, That lady's feet."

And then, before she could even stop him, he had laid his cheek against the foot and pressed his lips to it.

With a cry of indignation and disgust, "Mr. Whyte! How dare you! Are you mad?" Lady Hilda wrenched her foot from him and sprang upright; but the movement drew Whyte up with her, his arm clasp her waist, his fat, pallid face and red lips close to hers. The girl, thrusting them back, struck out at him bravely, fiercely; struck twice, with open hand, and a sharp, ringing cry:

"You cowardly cur! How dare you! Let me go! Oh! Oh, thank God!" for, in the same moment another hand had grasped her assailant by the coat collar. There was the momentary gyration of a struggling, writhing body in the air, an oath, a scream, a "squellch," a gurgling, spluttering sound, and Angelo Whyte, impressionist, was taking a bath, headforemost, in six foot deep of Bosham mud, while Colonel Druce, very pale and grim-looking, stood on the bank, with Lady Hilda's two little hands clenched like a vice on his arm, and Lady Hilda herself, not descending to tears even then, as most girls would have done, but trembling from head to foot and drawing her breath in long sobbing gasps at his side. The Colonel was feeling very angry with her till her first words touched him to pity and tenderness.

"Oh, if it had been Peggy! And I wanted her to sit for him to-day! Oh, my poor little Peggy! I am glad it was only me. What would Jack have said?"

Ten minutes later, as they were wending their way home through a quiet lane, Lady Hilda, reshed and hatted, and with a lace scarf knotted around her neck (what time, too, a miserable, shapeless object, coated with black slime from head to foot, was crouching in the bottom of a dinghey trying to scrape off some of the foul mud which adhered to him), the Colonel said:

"It's well it was only your foot he kissed; though even so I should like to go back and kill him. All the same (I'm not scolding you, mind), you brought it on yourself. Lady Hilda, how could you be so imprudent?"

Lady Hilda hung her head.

"How could I guess a man like that would dare — We only wanted a little fun and freedom after that weary round of society routine in the season, and Mrs. Mitchell —"

"Ha! Strathgyle will have something to say to her."

"Jack! Oh, he mustn't know! Colonel Druce, he would never understand things like you do. Oh, you won't tell him!"

Her little hand went out again to clasp the Colonel's arm, and her pretty face was lifted entreatingly.

"He'll want to know," said the Colonel. "It was because of something he'd heard about that blackguard there that he let me come and look the creature up. He must be told something."

"Couldn't you tell him —?" said Lady Hilda, and paused.

"What?" said the Colonel.

"Anything," said Lady Hilda.

"Anything is nothing," said the Colonel. "Be more precise."

"Well, then, that—that that I am going to marry—you?" said Lady Hilda.

"Lady Hilda," said the Colonel, "I could tell him that very gladly, if it was true; but I'm like that father of all prigs, General Washington, I cannot tell a lie!"

"But—it will be true," said Lady Hilda.

"Honor bright?" said the Colonel, taking both her hands and looking into her eyes.

"Honor bright!" said Lady Hilda.

[THE END.]

Next week—A WOMANLY WOMAN, by L. GALBRAITH.

#### Duty by Telephone.

During the early part of a dinner recently given in Washington, the guest of honor, a young married woman who is the proud mother of two very small boys, suddenly paused, with a startled look, in the midst of an animated conversation with her host, and cried:

"There, if I didn't forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house, and may I use it?" Her host conducted her to the telephone and presently she returned. "I do hope you will pardon me," she said; "but you see, I always have George and Eddie say their prayers to me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off I forgot it to-night, so I have just called up their nurse. She brought the children to the phone and they have just said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."

#### De Smith and the 'Phone.

Puck.  
De Smith rang his telephone bell gently.  
"Hullo, Central!" he murmured.  
A patient wait and no answer.  
"Hullo, Central!" a trifle louder.  
No response. Another ring—longer than the first.

"Hullo, Central!"  
De Smith's voice was slightly tinged with exasperation.

Silence still; and the receiver rasped as De Smith's fierce breath struck the transmitter.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo!—great blazes!"  
There came no answering voice, and De Smith rang savagely for fifteen minutes by the clock.

"What do you mean by ringing that way?" asked a feminine voice.

"I mean that I won't wait three hours on you; that's what I mean. My time's worth something."

"Didn't wait three hours."  
"Know better. Give me five one naught three."

"Six seven two one?"  
"Who said anything about six seven two one? I want five one naught three—five—"

"Five one nine three?"  
"Naught naught three."  
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling."

"Hullo!"  
"Hullo!" returned De Smith; "is Mr. Johnson there?"

"Wait a minute."  
De Smith waited ten minutes, and it seemed like ten hours. At last a ring and an answer.

"Hullo, there!"  
"Hullo, Johnson! Say! send over—"

"Who do you want?"  
"Johnson, Johnson—ain't your name Johnson?"

"No; my name's Thompson."  
"Send Johnson to the 'phone."  
"No Johnson here."

"What! Aren't you Brown, Jones & Robinson?"  
"No; we're Hngx & Tzwxson."

"Who?"  
"Lrptw & Xtwpsion."  
"Spell it."

"Huh-bler-cl—stuh-a-and—"  
"What's your number?"  
"Fifty-one ninety-three."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"  
De Smith dropped the receiver and fell back against the door. When he recovered he went at the 'phone again.

"Hullo, Central!"  
"Hullo! hullo! hullo! Say, what do you want, anyway?"

"Ring off—I want Central."  
"There's no—Johnson—here."  
"I didn't say there was!" howled De Smith; "ring off. Hullo, Central!"

"Who are you?"  
"De Smith danced a devil's hornpipe around the telephone and then yanked the bell."

"Hullo, Central! Where the old Nick are you? Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!"

"Stop your yellin'! This is Thompson at the 'phone."

"Go to Halifax, Thompson! Will you ring off? I don't want you?"

"What's that? Don't talk so loud—I can't hear you."  
"Don't care whether you hear me or not? I'm blamed—"

"Get back from your 'phone."  
De Smith gasped, put his receiver in the fork, hung to it with all his strength and rang his bell until he wore out the battery.

"Hullo, Central," he murmured, in a husky whisper.

His eyes were bulging from his head and life seemed a dreary waste.

"Do you want Gext & Pgwson?"  
"No," came the strangely mild and husky whisper, "I want Central."

"There's no Johnson here, I tell you."  
"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Poor De Smith. They took him from that telephone to an asylum, and he amuses himself there with an old door knob. He holds it to his ear and is constantly calling for 5103 through the ventilator.

#### "A Collector of Customs."

Jasper—What do you think Howells meant when he spoke about one of his characters being a "hen-minded" woman? Jumpuppie—Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set.—Judge.

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Sketch.  
"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Doherty. To Trilling Banks away, Roseen Dhu! To a ribbon you are ready."

"And the sun is shining steady: Will you walk with me the day, Rose aroo!"  
"I'll no walk with you the day, Mr. Cassidy. Not the long nor little way, Master John."

"The sun is shinin' steady. And for Trilling Banks I'm ready. Sense I'm walkin' there the day with Cousin Con."

"What's your reason?" "Who was he that on a pleasure-boat, When he'd wired 'Domestic duty keeps me here,' I caught out exchangin' kisses With some light young Miss or Mrs. Through Con's telescope from off of Derry pier!"

"'Twas myself between the puffing Juno's paddle-boxes, I confess it, claimin' kisses with a will From no foolish, forward stranger, But, safe out of stormy danger, From my sister off the liner at Moville."

"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Doherty? There, jewel, 'tis too sore your takin' on." "I could bear it—if you'd—blame me— But with kindness—so to shame me! Yes! I'll walk—I'll walk—forever—with you, John."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

#### Badly Off.

The colored people found it "hard times in Georgia" last December, during the small-pox scare. So we may infer, at all events, from a scrap of dialogue reported by the Atlanta Constitution.

An old Georgia negro, with his arm in a sling, was talking to another on a west end car.

"Yes, suh!" he said with emphasis, "I gone up now, fer sho! You see dis arm in de sling, don't you?"

"Yes."  
"Well, suh," the old man continued, by way of explanation, "I'll be eighty years old next harvest; I done see lots er trouble in my day, but by de grace er God I miss de Kuklux, I miss de Vigilance Committee, I miss de White-caps, en I miss de Regulators, but now in my old age, please God, de waxinators kotched en cut me!"

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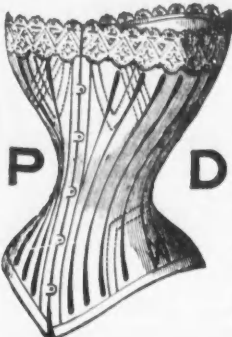
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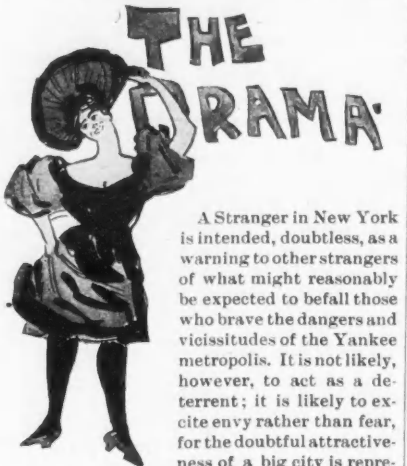
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A Stranger in New York is intended, doubtless, as a warning to other strangers of what might reasonably be expected to befall those who brave the dangers and vicissitudes of the Yankee metropolis. It is not likely, however, to act as a deterrent; it is likely to excite envy rather than fear, for the doubtful attractiveness of a big city is represented in rather brighter colors than properly belong to it. We see that gloriously jubilant time known as the night before, and judiciously enough we hear nothing whatever of its melancholy and inevitable consequence known as "the morning after." There is a dazzling mingling of pretty girls, radiant dresses and flashing wit that makes a bright *pot pourri* out of nothing in particular. There is nothing very consequential in the way of a story; just enough to give Mr. Otis Harlan a chance to occupy the center of the stage for a considerable length of time and sing rather silly songs with catchy music.

There is one young lady of magnificently unimpeachable physique, whose charms are evidently intended to be a striking feature; the others are pretty—some of them—and the music is just good enough to listen to, but not good enough to remember. A Stranger in New York has the merit of not being less than it pretends to be; it advertises itself as an evening's amusement; it makes no pretensions, but does what it claims to do and completes its promises with adequate performances.

Those who claim for the drama recognition as an educational and civilizing force, would have some trouble in placing the myrtle wreath of their approbation where it would fit nicely upon an attraction like *A Stranger in New York*. Plays of this class are a reproach to those who take the stage and everything else too seriously, and it is a reproach that is sometimes needed, and never so much as when we have had a siege of melancholy melodramas and doubtful plays dealing with the tiresome sex problem, as it is called, whose gilded dirt is nauseating and unwholesome. Man is the only animal that laughs, or, at least, knows the value of a laugh. He has little chance to indulge himself in this direction and enjoys artificial and professional assistance; and *A Stranger in New York* is as good an incentive to mirth as I have seen this year.

There are, of course, two strangers—one is a pocket edition of a well known Yonge street clothier, and the other would do for an understudy for Senator Lindsay of Kentucky, a large solemn-looking man with a wife and a vague notion that his being in New York at all is conclusive evidence of moral turpitude. The solemn-looking man loses his letter of introduction, which is found by the other vagrant, who presents it to the person to whom it is addressed, and finds himself enthusiastically welcomed and given the *entree* everywhere. There is a French ball on the bill of fare, and the big man finally agrees that the misunderstanding may as well go on and that dapper little imitation may continue to use his name for the evening. This sounds magnanimous, but it is not. The big man has a wife with "views," of whom he stands in wholesome dread. He hears that she is in town, and if she is looking for an erring spouse who is frequenting French balls and places of that kind, it would be decidedly convenient that she should be directed by those of whom she might make enquiries, to someone else, who for the nonce is wearing her husband's name. Of course the wife arrives, hires a detective, goes to the ball, finds her supposed husband, who complicates matters by insisting on being introduced, and generally gets herself into discredit. At the proper moment her husband, the large solemn person, arrives, ostensibly in search of his wife, who, being now thoroughly frightened at being detected by him in such a place, is finally hypocritically pardoned and forgiven. This is all there is "to" it, and it is not much, but it is enough for all the purposes of the play. It is bright, quick, immensely amusing, and the half-week engagement at the Grand was too good business.

Nobody who sees the Two Orphans need complain of not getting value for their money. It is simply gorgeous in its wealth and profusion of incident. There are seven acts—seven distinct sensations—seven dramatic climaxes—and thrills and creeps and things galore. It is a regular bargain-day attraction, but on a plan somewhat more honest than the bargain days

we know most about. Two young girls, orphans, come to Paris, but why they do so is not very clear. The usual incentives which move the youth of the period in the direction of this fashionable metropolis seem, in the present case, to be lacking; apparently, unlike the rest, they do not come to Paris because they want to. However, after the fashion of young girls in such situation they commence by getting into trouble, and manage to keep in it pretty well for seven acts, so that ample time and opportunity is afforded for a wide variety of tribulation. One of them being blind, the first care of the dramatist is to separate them; obviously a blind girl deserted, alone and friendless in a big city, is a far richer dramatic possibility than she would be under less exciting or more comfortable circumstances. The first act, therefore, includes a double-barrelled abduction, which places the blind orphan in the care of a villainous old hag, who sets her to begging on the streets, and lands the other in the palace of the Marquis de Presles. Neither of them, however, though situated so differently, seems to be altogether contented with her surroundings.

The second act witnesses the rescue of one half of the title *role* from the attentions of the Marquis de Presles by the Chevalier de Vaudrey, disguised as Mr. Ralph Cummings. The Marquis at first interposes vigorous objections to the young lady leaving in the company of the Chevalier. This is natural enough, seeing that he had gone to a good deal of trouble to get her there, and it is of course impossible for him, the Marquis, to understand why any young person in her position should wish to exchange him for a less inflated protector. But the Chevalier establishes the justice of his claim in a nice friendly duel and marches off with the girl without even offering to pay for the cab that brought her there. This, while excusable under the excitement of the moment, seemed a little "near" on the part of so distinguished a person.

The unavoidable result of this is that the Chevalier gets into trouble with his family, and as the family is constructed after the French model, this is a serious position. There is a tremendously exalted uncle, and a fearful and pathetic aunt who pleads that he will not disgrace the family honor by indulging his wild hopes of marrying the young lady of his choice. But he takes the wind completely out of the old lady's sails by reminding her that he is aware of the fact that she, too, has a Guilty Secret. A Guilty Secret seems to be almost as bad as the toothache, and nearly as difficult to hide from one's friends. In the present instance the Chevalier's mother confided to him on her deathbed that her sister, his aunt, had suffered. Silly old woman! She might have known that to place such information concerning an esteemed relative in the hands of a young man was sure to weaken her influence for good and make trouble for somebody; but these death-bed legacies of evil seem to be a favorite scheme of those whose last thought in *extremis* is that they must contrive, somehow or other, to have someone remember them.

The fourth act is merely to emphasize the fact that the blind orphan is having an exceedingly uncomfortable time of it. She is hungry, cold and badly treated; and a very well done snowstorm is introduced to add to the realism of her misery. So well was this contrived, in fact, that it seemed for a moment as if the management had, at vast expense, etc., secured real snow, and that Master Harry Ford was straddling a plank in the "flies" manufacturing the storm with a shovel and a tin pail, but the idea is too untheatrical to be entertained for a moment.

The Chevalier de Vaudrey proposes to his "orphan" in the fifth act, and as he is rejected on the ground that she has not yet found her sister and cannot accept his hand, his valet, Picard, admirably portrayed by Mr. Christie, follows suit, but with no better success. The young lady concludes that if she can't get everything she wants, she won't have anything she would like to have, which is feminine, and therefore praiseworthy. She makes the common error, however, of going a little too far, and her emphatic declaration, "I will never see him again," leads the experienced and wary theater-goer to anticipate her marriage with the "him" in question as the only possible finale, and in this he is not disappointed.

The sixth act introduces Miss Marshall preaching repentance, goodness, faith, and several other untried remedies.

In the seventh and last act everything is straightened out.

This is one of the best things the Cummings Company have put on. The plot is somewhat intricate, so that the opening act is largely explanatory, but the action is rapid and the plot becomes more and more interesting as the play proceeds. Mr. Wilson Deal is back again, and Mr. Cazeneuve is a notable addition to the strength of the company, as is also Miss Bertha Creighton, whose work made a most favorable impression. (Miss Hanchett played the part of the beggar-woman with vigor and care, and the whole cast is exceptionally good, and crowded houses have been the rule all week. With this sort of a play, this is as it ought to be. QUIS.

I think it can safely be said that *The Man in the Iron Mask* as presented the earlier part of the week by Mr. Donald Robertson and Miss Brandon Douglas and company, is the most meritorious attraction seen at the Toronto Opera House this season. The leading actor is every bit as good to my mind in the somewhat robust sensational style of acting necessitated by the Dumas dramas, as James O'Neill, and Miss Douglas, the leading lady, supports him admirably. The adaptation of the novel is the work of Mr. Robertson himself and is well done. There are only eleven people in the cast and part of the scenery used belonged to the house, but the acting was generally good and the play sustained itself so well that no suggestion of meagreness or cheapness at any time appeared. Mr. Robertson seems to have solved the problem of presenting a good play well and yet economically enough to permit of popular prices, which in a traveling company seems to be an exceedingly hard thing to do, or more of

## Picture Puzzle.—No. 6.



This picture suggests the name of a town in Canada.

The answer to No. 5 is "Woodstock."

them would do it. The Man in the Iron Mask supplies that same young man, courageous, noble and adventure-loving, that Dumas describes so realistically, albeit a little too melodramatically, in the first chapter of nearly all his romances. In nearly all, the simple freshness of the youth (to use a slang expression in its true meaning) is changed to a worldly bitterness and, in some cases, cynicism. The merry-hearted D'Artagnan, for instance, grows weary and unlovable, kicking his heels in a low position in the musketeers, though the same position was once the summit of his ambition. The gay Edmond Dantes becomes a heartless Monte Cristo. In all these cases youth was careless and happy until it voluntarily mixed in big affairs, or accidentally became involved in intrigues or infected with ambition. Evidently Dumas believed ambition was fatal to happiness, that obscurity was the most fortunate lot of mankind. It is to be hoped the victims of the late provincial election will be able to look at it from the Dumas standpoint.

John Drew's new play, *One Summer's Day*, by H. V. Esmond, was produced in New York a fortnight ago, received the usual hearty greeting accorded everything in which Mr. Drew appears, and has been permanently added to his repertoire. In it Mr. Drew plays the part of an over-conscientious major of thirty-eight, who thinks he is entirely too old to marry a girl twenty years his junior. As his particular friend also loves the girl, the major tries to help him to win the unwilling maiden, but matters are finally set right through the sudden death of the major's little nephew, who, though he is behind the scenes all the evening, plays a most prominent part in the plot.

Henry Miller produced his new three-act play, *The Master*, by G. Stuart Ogilvie, at the Garden Theater in New York a few days ago. The play is a character study, the title *role* being that of a self-made man who is warm-hearted but inflammatory, and so drives from him his son and daughter, and even his wife. Mr. Miller's delineation of this character is very highly praised, as is also the work of Mabel Bert, who played the *role* of the master's wife. The piece was so successful that Manager Frohman has cancelled all engagements for coming attractions in order to let *The Master* run as long as it will.

SATURDAY NIGHT's correspondent in Washington wrote to the manager of Tess of the D'Urbervilles asking why Mrs. Fiske did not visit Toronto while in Canada, and received a reply to the effect that the only theater suitable for the purpose is under the control of the Theatrical Trust.

Sam Sothern, second son of the famous impersonator of Lord Dundreary and younger brother of Lord Chumley, is now playing in Pinero's piece, *Trelawney of the Wells*, in London.

W. J. Scanlan, the Irish character actor, died on Friday last in the Bloomingdale Asylum of paresis. He had been under confinement for the past six years.

The Wizard of the Nile Company did not arrive and the Grand is dark, and will remain closed next week also.

The Nominee is announced for next week at the Princess Theater by the Cummings Stock Company.

The company playing at the Toronto Opera House will probably be induced to stay another week.

## She Understood "Slape."

As a child Queen Victoria was noted for her independent spirit and for her frankness in confessing an error. The following anecdote, told by the author of *The Private Life of the Queen*, displays both of these traits:

When a little girl, she was taken on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam's family seat in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths very slippery, and the Princess, who was ahead of the walking party, was warned by the gardener that the paths were "very slape."

"Slape! slape! What's slape?" exclaimed the Princess, not understanding the local dialect, and imitating the abrupt speech of her grandfather, George III.

The gardener explained, but the self-reliant Princess started again on her walk, and fell down in the mud. "Now Your Royal Highness," said the Earl, "understands what 'slape' means."

"Yes," answered the Princess, as she picked herself up, "and I shall never forget it again."

Amateur Scientist—Can you explain to me the reason why so many people become insane? Guyer—The answer ought to suggest itself. They have no reason.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Yes," said the bunco man, complacently, as he finished counting the roll which he had received from the hitherto prosperous farmer; "I always did appreciate the good things of life."—*Puck*.

Ethel—I just left Miss Elderly. She says she can't see any difference between waltzing with a man and letting a man hug you. Bessie—She would if she had ever been hugged.—*Puck*.

## Get Out.

[The following article is reproduced from the new London (Eng.) weekly paper, *The Outlook*. The article is written by Mr. Ernest E. Williams, who advises the young Englishman to leave the overcrowded island and settle in the continents of the Empire.]

It is not fanciful to say that an Englishman, leaving Yorkshire for Ontario or New South Wales, does not abandon his own country more than he would by going from Yorkshire to Somersetshire. In both cases he journeys from his native, familiar district to another district, where he sees new faces and new prospects; in both cases he experiences a sense of home in the companionship of fellow-citizens of the same Empire, and in the enjoyment of that Empire's familiar institutions and the protection of its flag. The farther journey is not to-day much more formidable or distant really than the journey from one county to another was a few generations ago; and progress in transport inventions and facilities is still at work, making the trip across the Empire an affair of yearly diminishing importance.

How strange it is that Englishmen should be content to remain in such dense ignorance of their own Empire! Apart from any question of emigration or settlement, one would think that every Englishman would wish to see what his inheritance is like. Yet how few trouble to do even that! If they leave their native land at all for a glimpse of the outer world, it is usually for some foreign country. For every Englishman who visits Canada there must be some dozens who go to the United States. But the vast majority of Englishmen on recreation bent are amply satisfied with a few idle weeks at Scarborough or Ilfracombe, or some outrageously expensive shooting or fishing in Scotland; the better sport, the more varied interests of British North America—to take the handiest of our Possessions—goes unknown. It is as though a man should come into possession of a magnificent estate and never trouble to go near it.

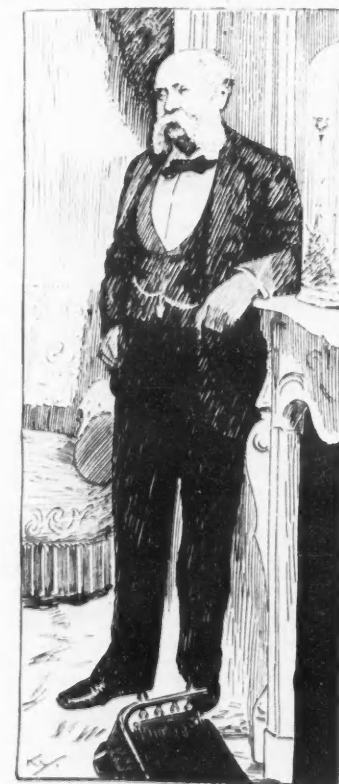
There was a time when the best use which England could find for her great Possessions overseas was the establishment of penal colonies in them. The insult to the Imperial idea in this proceeding was too gross and too brutal to bear contemplation to-day; and the history of the painful business is, perhaps, best locked away in our memories—only to be brought out on rare occasions, when we are disposed to pay our grandfathers too much reverence. Less brutal, but not a whit less crass, was the policy which followed the Transportation era, when the Colonies were encouraged to follow the example of the United States, and cut their connection with the Mother Land. But the excuse of an evil governmental example is now no longer quite adequate to shield from blame the individual Englishman. In a slow, lumbering fashion, with many careful tyings and untynings of red tape, the Imperial Government is awakening to the fact that the outlying provinces of the Empire are worth consideration. Let the citizen profit by the conversion of the Colonial Office. Only let his reformation come more quickly. Owing to the alarmingly rapid growth of industrialism the world over, events are moving very quickly. If Englishmen are to reap the full benefit of their inheritance they have no time to lose. The middle-aged Englishman, whose career is definitely established in his native land, should yet get acquainted with as much of the Empire as he has time to see; looking out meanwhile for openings for his sons and investments for his spare capital. The young Englishman, with his career yet to make—and a rather poor chance of making it at home—should hunt around the Empire for a likely spot in which to settle—in the quest he will find an embarrassment of riches; and the impecunious Englishman of every class should consider whether it is really worth while struggling along hopelessly in this choked-up little island when the great inheritance overseas clamors for men to take possession of her, and is ready richly to reward such as approach her in a right spirit.

## Books and Shop-Talk.

J. M. Barrie is bringing out a sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. It is said that the title will be *Celebrated Tommy*.

Charles G. D. Roberts has about completed a new novel entitled *A Sister to Evangeline*. It is to be second in a trilogy of which *The Forge in the Forest* was the first.

Mr. J. W. Tyrell's valuable book of travel,



GENERAL WOODFORD  
United States Minister to Spain.

Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada, is being published in England by T. Fisher Unwin, and in the United States by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York.

Thirty thousand copies of Crockett's *Sir Toady Lion* have been sold by the English publishers alone. The *London Daily Mail* is authority for the statement that the fiftieth thousand of How to be Happy, Though Married, has just been issued.

A second edition of Miss FitzGibbon's biography of her grandfather, Lieut.-Col. James FitzGibbon, the hero of Beaver Dam, entitled *A Veteran of 1812*, will shortly be issued. It will have an additional chapter containing a number of very interesting personal letters.

Charles G. D. Roberts, the well known Canadian poet, who has for the last two years been living in New York city, has not even in that crowded hive of humanity been debarred from the cultivation of the muse. We learn that Mr. Roberts has in the press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston, a collection of New York Nocturnes.

Clement's History of Canada, the school textbook prepared under the supervision of a committee representative of the various provinces, has now been authorized by the Departments of Education in all the provinces of the Dominion. This cannot but be regarded as an important and significant step toward national unification. It is matter for congratulation that the issue and adoption of a universal text-book in history should have marked the Jubilee year, fraught as it was with so much of consequence to Canada and the Empire.

When Mr. Whitney spoke in Almonte a couple of weeks ago he made an attack on the *Almonte Gazette*—not ill-natured, but galling. The editor of the *Gazette* in his last issue explains the point in dispute, and instead of flying into a partisan passion keeps his editorial poise and deals fairly with the matter. It is thus that a newspaper gains influence, for a duller editor would have slung his critic and weakened his cause.

"There are signs that the end of the kailyard epidemic is at hand," writes W. L. Alden. "Mr. Crockett is writing a novel which deals with the Vikings, and the scene of it is laid on the shores and the waves of the Baltic. Now Mr. Crockett could of course continue to write kailyard stories by the mile, and undoubtedly would so write if he judged it to be wise. The fact that he has suddenly emerged from the kailyard into the open Baltic means that he doubts if the public will stand much more Scottish dialect and many more Scottish 'meenisters.' There is a curious craze, that fondness for uncouth Scots and their uncouth dialect, and Mr. Barrie has much to answer for in that his own delightful story, *The Little Minister*, brought a crowd of imitators into the kailyard."

## The One-Eyed Elector.

"THERE'S no use talking," said one of a group of three men standing before the door of a polling-booth in West Toronto on election day. "A man's looks go a long way in this world."

"How do you mean?" asked one of the others.

"Well, you know me—have known me for twenty years—and I defy you to name a dishonest or crooked thing that I ever did in my life."

"What about it?"

"Well, you remember how I lost my eye about nine years ago? Ever since then I'm sworn every time I vote. When I go into a polling-booth they look at me and exchange glances, ask me a lot of sharp questions, and finally they make me take the oath, just because I'm a one-eyed man! When I've taken the oath they exchange glances again as much as to say, 'This crook has perjured himself. Some day I'll kill two or three scrutineers.'"

"Did they swear you in there?"

"Certainly. I tell you they always swear me—the only time I got off was at the last mayoralty election, when a personal friend of mine was deputy returning officer. If they kept the same scrutineers and officers they would get used to me, but new men are appointed every time. I'm going to call a meeting of one-eyed and cross-eyed electors to see what we can do."

The others laughed.

"I'm not joking. There's a man down in our shop who boasts that he votes from four to eleven times at every election. I can scarcely get in my own vote, yet the polling clerks and scrutineers tumble over each other in their haste to accept the votes of that two-eyed plugger, who will never draw an honest breath until he loses an eye. Here's my car," said the indignant elector, and as he went away his solitary eye blazed furiously.

## The Scribe and the Layman.

Life.

Once upon a time a scribe that was a newspaper man, and a layman, held converse the one with the other, and the scribe spoke with enthusiasm of the many inventions that had come about through the necessities of the newspaper. Now, he said that the scribe was a blower. In this he differed from most scribes. And he said: "The newspaper had need to go quickly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the steamboat and the locomotive engine were invented. It had need to hear quickly of that which happened, and the telegraph and the telephone were invented. It had need to get at inside facts, and the Roentgen ray was invented. It had need of sensational news, and Dr. Schenck was—er—came to the rescue."

Then said the layman: "All these things that you say are indeed true, but there is one thing that the newspaper cannot accomplish, that men may be ubiquitous."

And the scribe said: "You speak as one without authority. Follow me, tell no man what you see, and I will show you that the newspaper has accomplished even that, though it were not meet that the world should know of it."

And the scribe took the layman up to the editorial rooms of his paper and showed him a marvelous sight.

Three correspondents sat at adjoining desks. And they were writing. And the first was writing from Berlin, and the second from Paris, and the third from London.

And the layman was astonished.



## A Comedy in Temper.

"THOSE tumbler we got for the table are simply hideous."

"Are they? That's too bad! But after all it won't matter very much, will it?"

"Oh, not in the least. I wonder you wouldn't like tin mugs!"

"Well, you know, dear, we can easily change them."

"Certainly. Not the slightest trouble going over the whole store again and picking out fresh ones! And, besides, the new house-maid's having broken two of them will simplify the matter so."

"Well, well, she's a first-rate housemaid in all other respects, so I wouldn't mind if I were you."

"Yes, it's very satisfactory we both like her so much, as she intends to leave in a day or two."

"Going to leave, is she? But I suppose, after all, it's just as well to get rid of a girl of that kind at the very beginning. You'll get a better one without the slightest trouble, you'll see."

"No doubt!—without the slightest trouble to you, I presume you mean. It's a pity men can't talk to their wives about things they understand."

There was a slight pause. George Hargraft, who was in the height of good humor that evening, gazed soothingly at his pretty wife; while his wife, who happened to be in an extremely bad humor, gazed fixedly into her lap in a way that would have been anything but soothing to a husband of rather more experience than George.

"Suppose," he suggested, presently, "we stroll over to see Grace and the baby?"

"Now, George," responded his wife sharply, "you know perfectly well I have the socks to darn, and am so tired already I'll probably have to give up Mrs. Campbell's lunch tomorrow."

It was a sort of family fiction with Mr. and Mrs. Hargraft that she always darned the socks—a custom that had descended to her through an innumerable line of grandmothers. Mrs. Hargraft was always most careful to keep up the fiction, but the maids nearly always did the socks.

"Well, then," suggested George cheerfully, "let's put away the socks and have some reading."

"Now, isn't that like a man!" exclaimed his wife hotly. "I've put the socks away till tomorrow, when I've got about twice as much as I can do as it is, and waste an hour or two in reading till my eyes are so tired I can hardly see!"

"Why, I'd just as soon read while you darn the socks."

"Oh, thank you! Of course! It doesn't matter in the least what I do, I suppose, so long as I'm at work."

"Let me darn the socks while you read," (heroically.)

"Pardon me. I don't see why we should destroy a dozen pair of socks simply because you want to amuse yourself."

"Why, I'd just as soon wear them the way I darn them as not. I don't care in the least, as long as things are bright and pleasant."

"Possibly it doesn't occur to you that some of them are mine."

"You said socks," laughed Mr. Hargraft.

"How very humorous! Quite witty! and not in the slightest degree vulgar!"

"Well, never mind, dear, I didn't mean to vex you. What makes you so cross?"

"If you call me cross again I'll leave the room."

"I was only going to ask you if you would like to come down town to-morrow afternoon and look at curtains. You said—"

"No, I would not!"

"Does your head ache?"

"No, it does not!"

"Not caught a cold again?"

"No, I have not!"

"Won't you come and sing some of those pretty new songs of yours?"

"NO, I WILL NOT!"

And out of the room she flounced, upsetting her favorite pot of ferns as she went.

Mr. Hargraft sat a long time in silence. "By Jove, I don't care," he thought, "if she's going to have fits of bad temper like that I'll just tell her pretty plainly what I think of it. It's a blamed shame! I was in a perfectly splendid humor and didn't take offence at anything, and yet she would keep on! The more good-humored I got, the crosser she got. I can't understand any sane woman behaving in such a way; it's just wasting a man's cheerfulness to try to please her! It's a shame, a—d—shame! Get out!" and he made a frantic kick at the cat, and promptly knocked over the remaining pot of ferns.

"Yes, by Jove, I will! I'll put it to her straight, and then just walk out of the house and not come back till two or three in the morning, and see how she likes that. Why the devil doesn't she come down stairs again! Where did I put my cursed hat, anyway? How in, how in particular—"

By this time, as possibly the reader may have gathered, Mr. Hargraft had worked himself into a very bad humor indeed.

"Well," thought Mrs. Hargraft, once safely upstairs, "I suppose I was rather cross, but he exasperated me so! How men can go on in that insane manner just because they know you don't want to be in a good humor, is more than I can see! I'll just tell him plump and plain what I think of it, and see if that will do any good. It's unmanly of him! No husband in his right mind should behave toward his wife like an old woman of seventy with a spoiled child. I suspect, though," she added, with a half-smile, "he did think he had something on his hands a good deal like a spoiled child. I don't care, he needn't have shown it half so clearly, and I'll tell him so, straight; so there now! And to have to refuse to go for those drawing-room curtains I've been waiting for a month to get! No wonder I was cross—I must have known he was going to ask me when I was out of temper and would have to refuse, and that's no doubt what vexed me so. That's not a bad idea at all. I'll remember that, George! George! George! You're a terrible man, but I daresay you'll learn. I wonder what kind of fern he'll bring me home at dinner to-morrow! Gracious, how funny it all is when you come to think it over! But I must hurry down if I'm going to give him that piece

of my mind before I forgive him too much to have any respectable warmth of expression left. I wonder just how angry he is by this time! Poor man, it's too bad! But he shouldn't be so exasperating, should he, Dickie?" and with a little laugh at what she chose to call the tiny dog's "too comical resemblance to a man," she prepared herself to descend.

By this time, as possibly the reader may again have gathered, Mrs. Hargraft had worked herself into an exceedingly charming state of mind.

Presently down the stairs she came, and out into the hall promptly bounced her irate husband.

"Why, George," she exclaimed artlessly, "how cross you look!"

"Clara!" he retorted furiously, "I've just one question I'd like to ask you before I leave the house for the evening."

How he would have liked to say "forever," or some such expression! "For the evening," sounded so peculiarly weak and ineffective. But he dared not.

"And I, sir," responded his wife, now almost laughing outright at the humor of the thing began to strike her more and more, "have just one question I'd like to ask you before I leave this house for my mother's—for the evening. Isn't it curious we've each got just one question we want to ask the other before we go out? Almost funny, isn't it?—striking the same idea, I mean."

"Permit me to mention, madam,—"

"Your coat collar's up behind."

"That there's nothing at all amusing about the question I had in my mind to ask you."

"Bet you a pair of curtains, though, I laugh at it."

"A woman and a fool can laugh at the Bible if they want to!"

"Let's get it then, and have a good laugh."

"This is mere horse-play! What I wish to ask you is—"

"Stop, stop! Wait a minute! I've forgotten my question! and they should both be asked at the same moment, as they do on the stage, or half the effect will be lost. Oh, yes, I know what mine is now! Go on, I'm ready."

Mr. Hargraft bit his lip, but whether to express his fury or to keep from laughing it is doubtful if he himself knew.

"What I would like you to reflect upon, Clara," he announced, with terrible sternness, "is whether you can imagine anything worse for a man than living with a woman who's always in a bad temper when he most specially wants to be in a good temper."

Peals of laughter on the part of Mrs. Hargraft followed this solemn enquiry.

"Why," she gasped, "isn't that perfectly ridiculous! I never in my life met anything so comical!"

"I'm sorry," observed Mr. Hargraft with icy politeness, "that it doesn't strike me in that light."

"No, no," laughed his wife, wiping away the tears, "it isn't your solemn question I'm laughing at, George; 'pon my word it isn't! It's funny enough for anything. To be sure, but it isn't that—it's my question—the two of them together, I mean, that's so funny. Just wait until you hear mine and even you'll laugh. It's—"

But a fresh attack of merriment seized her as she caught sight of the wrathful yet doubtful expression of Mr. Hargraft's face as he first gazed helplessly at her and then even more helplessly at his hat.

"It's—can any man, that is"—more laughter—"can you imagine anything worse for a woman—for a woman, mind you, George—than living with a man"—peals of laughter—"who's always in a good temper when she most specially wants to be in a bad one?"

And then they both sat down on the bottom step of the stairs together, and laughed till they could laugh no more.

On the morrow, George got his wife a pair of curtains that were all that even a newly-married wife could desire, and two ferns that rivalled all other ferns that man, woman or child ever possessed. She accordingly forgave him "for all his naughty temper," and a solemn treaty was then and there entered in upon, that if he'd never again be good-tempered when she wanted to be bad-tempered, she'd never again be bad-tempered when he wanted to be good-tempered.

And George to this day speaks of it as the great bargain he got out of his wife just after she'd been in a most terrible temper one evening.

H. C. BOULTBEE.

Toronto, 1898.

The Courage of Lieut. Henderson.

Who says we have lost the dash and pluck of the Elizabethan adventurers? The details of Lieutenant Henderson's adventures in the Gold Coast Hinterland are even more striking than could be gathered from the romantic narrative published in the *Times* the other day.

When Lieutenant Henderson went alone into the Sofa camp at Wa, he was at first treated as a prisoner, says the *Outlook*, and his captors discussed before and with him the manner in which he was to be put to death. The victim listened a while till he was weary of it. "Oh, well," he said, "I can't be bothered with your arguments. I'm very sleepy; let me know when you have made up your minds, and off to sleep he went. The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference persuaded Samory's men that they had to do with someone of immense importance. Unwilling to take on themselves the responsibility for his death, they sent him unharned to Samory's court in the Jimini country.

Once again Lieutenant Henderson saved himself by a like exhibition of courage. He found Samory on a throne surrounded by 4,000 warriors; yet when motioned to do homage on his hands and knees he did nothing of the sort.

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## "Artists, Don't Marry."

Harper's Monthly.



"Do you ever sell anything now, Thompson?"

"No—no. The only woman who ever bought my pictures I married."

He simply sat on the throne beside Samory, shaking that monarch warmly by the hand. Thanks to this, and to nothing else, he was accepted as the representative of a great sovereign, instead of a captive doomed to death. He talked to Samory of the Queen, and Samory talked of himself. Thus a mission which might have ended, as so many African missions have ended, in a terrible silence and a suspicion of unspeakable horrors, did in fact end in a valuable basis for future relations between Great Britain and a Mohammedan power. Thus empires may be built up under Victoria as under Elizabeth.

## A Bank Bill.

A CANADIAN on making some purchases in a Detroit store a few days ago tendered a Bank of Montreal bill in payment.

"Have you nothing else?" asked the merchant. "I don't like bills issued by those little Canadian banks."

The Canuck bristled at this, and in a discussion that followed boasted that the bill in question was issued by the second greatest bank in the world. The merchant laughed, and the irate customer dared him to step around to the nearest banker and refer the point to him. They went.

"I have said that this bill is issued by the second greatest bank in the world," said the Canadian. "Am I right?"

"Well," said the banker, "I guess you are right—yes, as far as I know you are right."

"I'm satisfied," said the merchant. "That bill's good enough for me."

"It's too good for you," said the customer. "You'll never get your hands on it. Next time you are offered a Canadian bank bill accept it, for your banker will tell you that Canada has the safest and simplest banking system in the world."

And he went out, leaving the merchant and his banker in deep consultation.

## Weyman's New Novel.

WE have just begun to talk of Simon Dale, Anthony Hope's new novel of the period of Charles II., when out comes a new one by Stanley J. Weyman.

dealing with the period of William III. It is entitled *Shrewsbury*, and for it is predicted a great success. In the choice of the hero Mr. Weyman has made a wide departure from the established custom of historical romancers like Dumas pere and Walter Scott, with their D'Artagnans and Ivanhoes, and has taken a timorous youth of humble origin around the incidents of whose life to weave the story—a youth who is neither brave, nor bright, nor virtuous, nor, in fact, possessed of any of those qualities that would naturally arouse the reader's interest and admiration. But with a master hand the novelist has made this colorless hero's narrative of his life serve as a background upon which to project the real characters of interest in the story—Charles the Duke of Shrewsbury and King William the Third of England.

Richard Price, the narrator, is forced to fly to London because at the instigation of a pretty housemaid he tries to rob his master. In London he gets involved, through his weakness of character, in plots with both Orangists and Jacobites and is in double danger. He is employed with a writer of newsletters with Whig tendencies. He does a service to the Duke of Shrewsbury, who becomes his patron, and he almost ruins this noble.

Among the most striking scenes in the book are those in which Ferguson figures—a fanatic Jacobite who is zealously plotting for the overthrow of the "Dutch crew," as he calls William of Orange and his coadjutors. To escape capture by a party searching for Jacobites one evening, the wild-eyed conspirator pushed his way into the young news-writer's room.

"The stranger, slowly edging his body into the room, disclosed to my sight the tallest and most uncouth figure imaginable. A long face ending in a tapering chin added much to the grotesque ugliness of his aspect; in spite of which his features wore a smirking of importance, and though he breathed quickly like a man pressed and in haste, it was impossible not to see that he was master of himself and of me; for when I went to ask his meaning, he shot out his great underlip at me and showed me the long barrel of a horse-pistol that he carried under his cassock. I recoiled."

"Damn your King William and you, too!" he cried in ferocious triumph. "One of these

days God will squeeze him like the rotten orange he is; and if God will not, I will—I, Robert Ferguson! Trot, for the set of pudding-headed, blind-eyed wolves that you are! Call yourselves constables! Bah! But as for you, my friend," he continued, turning to me and throwing his pistol with a crash on the table, "you have more spunk than I thought you had, and spoke up like a gentleman of mettle. There is my hand on it!"

"My throat was so dry that I could not speak, but I gave him my hand."

"He gripped it and threw it from him with a boastful gesture, and stalking to the farther side of the room and back again, 'There,' cried he, 'now you can say that you have touched hands with Ferguson—the famous Ferguson—the Ferguson on whose head a thousand guineas have been set—Ferguson the king-maker, who defied three kings and made three kings, and will yet make a fourth! Fire and furies! Do a set of boozing tipstaves think to take the man who outwitted Jeffreys and slipped through Kirke's hands!'"

The book is full of stirring situations, and Weyman is credited with having worked out his plot with more skill than he has done in any previous work.

## At the Browning Club.

"Oh, Gladys, you ought to join our Browning Club. We have perfectly lovely times, and it is so improving and intellectual, and all that sort of thing, you know. Do come next evening."

"Well, I don't know, Gwendolen, perhaps I will," replied her friend. "But tell me all about it. You met last night, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, and we had a delightful time, only of course I didn't understand half of what Prof. Glibfrase says. Browning is so abstruse, you know, and I'm only a new beginner. I sat right behind Mrs. Fadsby, who I don't think knows any more about poetry than a cat, and I declare I never saw anything so perfectly hideous as her new hat, and to my certain knowledge this is the third year she has worn that old cape of hers, although she's had it rammed in hopes that it'll pass for new. Harriet Winthrop was there. Oh, hasn't he lovely eyes and an exquisite mustache! But he's an awfully conceited fellow, and they do say he's rather dissipated. If I were Maude Rainforth I should be mortally jealous of him, for the way he kept flirting with Barbara Pillsbury, who sat just across the aisle, was really too too. Everybody noticed it, and I shouldn't at all be surprised if his engagement with Maude never comes to anything. And Jack Mitchell and Harriet Poindexter were there as usual, and of course I was devoted to her. They kept slyly squeezing each other's hands, and whispering all the evening, and I'm sure it must have annoyed the Professor. He reads beautifully too; but what Jack sees in such a dumpy, unattractive-looking girl as Harriet I don't know. The only decent features about her are her eyes and hair, which is luxuriant—if it's genuine."

"But what did you do at the Club, Gwendolen?"

"Goodness, am I not telling you all about it as fast as I can? Oh, who do you think, of all people, came in just as the Professor began? Mr. and Mrs. Pignuffe! Just fancy! The idea of their being interested in anything of an intellectual character! Why, it's about as much as old Pignuffe can do to write his name, and as for her, they say that she was cook in a hotel when he married her, though she does put on such style. Tell me, though, is there anything in this story of Bertha Pignuffe being engaged to a Chicago banker?"

"I really don't know, Gwen. But about the Club. What did you learn about Browning?"

"Learn! Oh a lot of things. The Professor's talk was most instructive, and he has a splendid voice, but it's a pity he's so short-sighted. But I never shall forget the way that forward Emily Binkerton tried to show off; made believe she was taking shorthand notes. But I got Fred Peasley to lean forward and look over her shoulder, and he swears they were nothing but marks that didn't mean anything; and she actually presumed to argue with the Professor too, just as though she understood anything about it."

"Ah, what phase of the poet's work were they discussing?"

"Don't be stupid, Gladys. How could I remember?"

"Don't you remember anything of what was said?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Prof. F. Glibfrase told us that all cultivated people read and admired Browning, and that his principal characteristic was—let me see—his introspectiveness, and his style was the most subjective. Now, I'm not quite sure if it was 'subjective' or 'objective,' but anyhow it was one or the other, of any modern poet; and—oh, ever so much more. But it was a delightful evening, and Fred of course saw me home. PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Toronto, March, '98.

## Four--A Disappointment.

By A Wandering Dilettante.

THE soprano and the contralto had quarreled. The contralto had called the soprano a "cheeky little snip," and the soprano had informed the contralto that she was a "jealous old cat." Had there been time for both ladies to exhaust their vocabularies the usual reconciliation might have followed and

all been well, but the audience was recalling the soprano for her just-sung solo and the contralto was left alone in the wings, a dozen unspoken sarcasms ready for utterance and woman's victory—the last word scored by the enemy.

Thus was insult added to injury, for the soprano had the contralto's bouquet, had received over the footlights with appropriate smirk, simper and curtsy the dozen American Beauties which she, the contralto, had purchased that very afternoon, and which she had ordered sent by messenger to the theater with instructions to the usher that they were for the lady who appeared first upon the programme.

She had forgotten that the programme had been re-arranged for that evening, that the soprano appeared first, and there was the now hated rival in full possession of the smiling approval of the audience and her six dollars' worth of floriculture, tied with a yard of the best pink silk ribbon bought expressly to match the contralto's pink silk dress.



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## Anecdotal.

A little girl rebuked her brother for laughing at a man with a crooked nose who passed the house. "You mustn't do that," she said; "God made him that way." "Why do you s'pose he did it?" asked the small boy with interest. "Oh, I don't know," responded the little sister indifferently; "people do funny things."

Speaking at Quebec shortly after his great victory of 1878, Sir John A. Macdonald said that Grits had now become so scarce that you could not find one with a search warrant. Two Grits had met in Toronto the day after the election, and one said: "Well, you Grits got a terrible defeat yesterday." "Yes, didn't they?" replied the other.

Dr. Liddell, who died in Oxford the other day, was for thirty-eight years Dean of Christ Church College. He was very strict in the observance of university etiquette. "How long have you been a member of the university, my lord?" he said to a young man who had omitted to "cap him" when they met in the street. "A week, sir," the youth answered. "I understand," said the Dean, "puppies cannot see until they are eight days old."

Professor Park, of Andover, figures rather amusingly in the reminiscences of the late Professor Schaff just published. In 1842, Schaff (being a *privat-docent* at Berlin) introduced Park to his German friends, and among the rest to Kahnis. He relates that, under the continuous pelting of Park's questions, Kahnis finally exclaimed in despair: "God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!"

Lord Carrington recently prefaced an interesting speech by telling a story of his experiences whilst Governor of New South Wales. His first public appearance was at the Mayor's dinner at Sydney. Having committed a few words to paper, he delivered them in reply to the toast of his health, and then sat down, feeling very much satisfied with himself. Opposite to him there sat a fat man. He was an M.P. who had suffered long from the abundant eloquence of the new Governor's predecessor. When Lord Carrington sat down, the fat man filled his glass to the brim and said: "Thank the Lord, he can't speak."

A returned Klondiker, who was plentifully supplied with gold, stopped off at Seattle for a celebration. His appearance gave no suggestion of his prosperity, and when he entered the French restaurant where gentlemen who have coin generally go, the waiter seemed in no haste to take his order. To and fro the *garcon* went in an officious manner, waiting upon the party at the next table, but quite ignoring the presence of the newcomer. "See here, kid!" called that worthy, when his patience gave out, "do I eat?" "Sorry I can't wait on you just now," was the answer, "but the gentleman there has just ordered a fifty-dollar dinner." "Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged!" said the miner. "Bring me a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it!"

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REV. W. A. DUNNETT.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the *Record* office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the *Record* ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public, and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge street church, Toronto; the Baptist church, Woodstock, N.B.; the Methodist church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500 people in the Franklin street

Congregational church at Manchester, N.H., five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though, he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1886, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wal street Methodist church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend, who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a good deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all done now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health to-day than I do."

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now, writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg, Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says:—"I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old-time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes; I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

## Between You and Me.

A MAN writes asking that a paragraph be devoted to the defence of our salutation "How do you do?" which has been taken exception to by a young dame of his acquaintance. It is indefensible. There are so many who don't "do," and there are others in considerable numbers who do badly, and those who do well may object to credit themselves. "How are you?" is a shade more sympathetic and less objectionable. "Good day" is without reproach; but however meaningless, formal, and thoughtless the query "How do you do?" may be, it hasn't a leg to stand upon as a seemingly and mannerly greeting.

Sport.—Is it a true saying about there being only two classes of men in the world—those that can play poker and those that can't? Sport.—Possibly; but there's a bad leak in it, after all. "How's that?" "It costs so much to find out which class one belongs to."—*Life*.

connection? The harmless young man (he is often an importation from the Old Sod) who is content to drone through life, happy if life gives him three meals a day, a decent suit of clothes, and a bed to lie in at any kind of relation's expense. A mildly discontented soul at times, feebly fretting out the wish that he had "some money of his own," but not dreaming of working his way to such possession. In some things Paul isn't quite up to the regulation dead-beat, but his type is well known everywhere, and the clever delineation of it by Duval will provoke an amused chuckle and a twinge of sympathy from many a reader this month.

A report has been circulated that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is making fun of us! How dreadful! And besides being dreadful it is rather untrue. Curious things were said to the quiet barrister during his visit to Canada, perhaps the most eloquent of calm frigidity being the enquiry everywhere fired at him, "Are you Sydney Carter?" Mr. Hope Hawkins declined to pose as a jilted man, the ever faithful, sometimes malicious lover of dear Dolly Mickleham, she who found a reversal of Tennyson's maxim that kind hearts are more than coronets the proper course for comfort. I think I have detected the faintest frown of displeasure on the expansive brow of the author when for the hundredth time the twin queries were launched by a twitteringly impulsive or coldly inquisitive she, "Is there a real, live Dolly?" and "Are you supposed to be Sydney Carter?" An old woman bothered him so in New York that he said mildly, "Do you know, I think she must be out of her mind a little!" If Mr. Hope Hawkins makes a bit of fun out of New York or Canada the former perhaps deserves it, and the latter can certainly stand it, from such a very nice fellow.

George Morang has, this week, brought out Mr. Hope's last book. What a compliment if one asked the author, "Are you Simon Dale?" for the last named hero is one of the whitest men the authors of the century have made, and his goodness is so natural, he is such a dyed-in-the-wool gentleman; not very bracing, not very keenly perceptive, not at all averse to skating close to the edge—just a clean, wholesome, sturdy gentleman, with that susceptibility to bad influence and that yielding to the high note of the voice of his better nature which makes of him a creature not too good for human nature's daily food, but a man with always the perilous possibilities of an animal, as the best men know to be within them. Those who label Anthony Hope Hawkins trifler and *dilettante* had better read Simon Dale; and if they cannot feel for and with him when Nell Gwynn's beckoning finger and coaxing face lure him down, and his honest feet pauses outside the door of his pure sweetheart's chamber, and his ears catch the sound of her little song, and he stands stock-still, held there by the unconscious power of a pure affection, while the bad, beautiful temptress beckons him down the corridor, but beckons in vain; if from the first chapter to the last there is not in men's and women's hearts a growing feeling that the world would be a glorious world if Simon Dales were plenty, that the cry of one standard for men and women is justified in this man and his like, a man all through and strong as he is white, then human nature is worse than I believe it to be.

Simon Dale does not rouse that vagrant thing, enthusiasm, but those lion forces, sympathy and respect. He is awkward and at times frightfully *mal a propos*, but so honest! An honest man is the noblest work of God, cries the immortal bard; well, Simon Dale is an honest man, and his setting forth by Anthony Hope is the best thing the author has ever done. The book has a curious interest, in its unveiling of a court not often meddled with in fiction, at the head of which sits black-browed, swarthy-skinned Charles II., while Louis of France, Nelly Gwynn, the gutter-child whose tarnished womanhood was good enough for the royal *roue*, Fontenelle, a decent Frenchman, who is built somewhat on the Simon Dale pattern, and a scurvy lot of vicious courtiers flit through the narrative. Barbara is one of Anthony Hope's women, perverse, self-willed, impetuous and deliciously interesting. The author touches so knowingly and so kindly her weak points, letting her strong ones speak for themselves. When sensitive women read Anthony Hope's books they are half afraid of him; he knows too much. But on second thoughts his gentle toleration forces itself upon them with reassuring conviction.

We have also been told by those people who are given to imagining a vain thing, that Nansen has been "saying things" about us. Now if there is anything calculated to arouse a feeling of resentment in the average person, it is to hear such a report of the man or woman you have in ever so small a degree idealized. Though of course they often cannot know of the pedestal, yet being set thereon one expects them to wear the superior and benign smile of the Indian idol, nor "flout their worshippers unseemly." It is conducive to infidelity to have one's little tin deity make a face and say: "What a lot of ignorant, stupid fools you are!" But perhaps the big explorer did not say the horrid things they are telling us, at all, at all. Even if he did, one says a great many things not intended for publication under trying circumstances, and I for one wouldn't resent his utterances if they were twice as forcible, for Nansen is a very big man indeed. There is a great hue and cry against men who have written something or done something, because in the strength of that achievement they take to the lecture platform. Which of us would refuse to do so if we were offered a pot of money? And which of us wouldn't "say things" if we didn't like it when we got there? LADY GAY.

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### The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

It is now nineteen years since, at the suggestion of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, the forces were set in operation which resulted in the formation of the Royal Canadian Academy. His Excellency gave it its first impetus and never failed to exhibit the keenest interest in its welfare. At that time several local societies, working independently of one another, comparatively unknown to each other, and suffering great disadvantages from their isolated condition, were in existence. To bring these into fraternal relations, and thus secure to them the strength and support which always comes from union of interests; to establish an art distinctly national; to elevate public opinion of art; and to bring into the service of the country in an eminently practical way art in design of all kinds, such is the aim of the Royal Canadian Academy.

How in the nineteen years of its existence it has succeeded in its aims is only known to those who have followed its history closely. Public exhibitions have been held every year since. These must have left their impress upon the country for good. But to none, per-

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haps, more than to the artists themselves have the benefits been sensibly felt. The mutual criticism and comparison of methods has been a most healthful stimulus. Anyone comparing the present excellent display, stamped with greater originality of thought and greatly advanced technique, with the first collection of Canadian artists, must be impressed and delighted. From a nucleus of twenty paintings and three architectural designs, given by the artists themselves, has grown, mainly by their efforts and gifts, a National Gallery at Ottawa, which has now outgrown its space. Other gifts have been received and the Government have purchased occasionally. Each Academician, however, when elected donates his diploma painting to the Gallery, besides paying a fee of \$10 a year for the privilege of having a right to present such. This division of labor strikes one as being somewhat unequal. The art education of this country should surely not be at the expense of the artists.

Further, the Academy supplements the work of the Government art schools by furnishing the means for study from the living model—always an expensive class. Surely the pursuit of art should be made as easy as possible and not in any way burdensome to these public benefactors.

The cost of administering the affairs of the Academy is by no means small. Moreover, it should not be barely maintained, but given opportunities to open up new paths for the development of art, especially in this new country. When we consider that the Royal Society obtains a grant of \$5,000 yearly, we naturally enquire if it is really worth \$3,000 more a year to the country than the Academy. We venture to think not. The Royal Canadian Academy is the exponent of our national art. It is a great moral force as well in our Dominion, which neither Government nor people should be slow to recognize. It becomes us to give it that liberal support and due homage it has shown itself to be fully entitled to. To restrict it is indeed a withholding that tendeth to poverty—a poverty to be deplored and feared in every way.

In our young country we want an art that is national, and which, however much it will necessarily be indebted to foreign talent, is in no sense imitation, but quite our own. Good men sometimes leave Canada because the essential encouragement to stay is lacking. The industrial advantages gained to us are incalculable in developing the great resources of the country.

The rooms in which this exhibition is held is a sufficient commentary on the place assigned to art in Toronto. A very great need in this city is a public art gallery, decently and appropriately housed. The large collection of nearly two hundred paintings have been placed on view at much expense, both to artists privately and the society as a whole, and a great deal of labor. It is in every way superior to any before held. Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto and many other places in our Dominion are represented. It is a true index of the stage of development of Canadian art. It is to remain open for at least two weeks. The loss is to the public who fail to see it, not once, but often.

"The general attention of all artists in Australia is now focussed on the forthcoming Australian exhibition in London," says *The Studio*, which also points out that not a gentleman, but a lady, is putting up the necessary funds. "The trustees of the National Gallery in Sydney have issued a prospectus of an Exhibition of Australian Art, which is to be held under their management in London in April and May next at the Grafton galleries. The necessary funds have been liberally given by Miss Edith Walker of Concord, in New South Wales, and the enterprise has the official support of the Government of that colony. The finest of the Australian works from the national galleries of Sydney and Melbourne will



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be lent to the exhibition, and contributions from living Australian artists are being invited from all the colonies on the Australian continent, and from New Zealand and Tasmania. The works of Australian artists now living in Europe are equally eligible, if executed in Australia." During the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition, which opened in Toronto this week, it is to be hoped that our leading artists will consider the feasibility of holding a similar exhibition of Canadian art in London next fall. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have done very little for art in this country, and in such a project as this, if carried through with discretion, there would be impressed on the world's mind some true conceptions of Canada. To us as a people, aside from the interests of our artists, the undertaking would, I venture to think, be of great service.

The Peel heirloom pictures, which have been occupying the attention of the courts owing to the trustees' endeavor to restrain the present Sir Robert Peel from selling certain paintings, were all of them the purchases of the great Sir Robert, who was probably a larger picture buyer than any statesman of first rank has ever been. His particular favorites were the



The famous portrait of Lady Peel.

painters of the Dutch school. He gave £300 and £500 and £800 for three small examples of Van de Velde the younger; for one of his Hobbemas, £900; for a little Albert Cuyp, £370; for a Paul Potter, £1,300; for an Adrian van Ostade, £900; and for a cattle-picture, the masterpiece of his less famous brother, Isaac van Ostade, £1,200; and for a Peter de Hooze, £1,000. These are only a few out of the many purchases made, with remarkably good taste, by Sir Robert, at what cannot have been much under £50,000. We reproduce the painting by Sir T. Lawrence, which the present Sir Robert Peel endeavored to sell in Paris, and about which the present dispute has arisen.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club of the W. A. A. will meet on March 5 at the residence of Miss F. L. Lindsay, 72 Homewood avenue.

JEAN GRANT.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

CYNTHIA.—To circulate a report of an engagement just for fun, seems to me a piece of vulgar impertinence. No refined person could possibly find any fun in it. Therefore, my good girl, you see how the matter stands.

DUCHESS.—Consult Mrs. Ireland, the hair specialist, or Monsieur Armand, Yonge and Carlton streets, who will supply you with what you need. Don't tamper with existing conditions on your own hook, or your last state will be worse than the first. 2. Your writing is not very well developed, and I should prefer to wait before meddling with it.

STOCKTAKER.—I. More than six inches to-day, my boy. I too, like skating, but have no time to enjoy it. 2. You're the making of a fine character in this hand of yours. Adaptability, liberality, clear sequence of ideas, much virility, caution and bright perception are shown. Facility and independence, honesty, courage and hope are yours.

MAGGOT.—What an awful name! I am afraid you are not "truly mine," as you say, for there is a hint of insincerity in your writing. But you are a nice little thing all the same, bright, unreasonably and illogically, full of impulsive and magnetic force, graceful in thought and quick in action, with love of fun and sense of humor. You are a clever little skipper, after all, and quite welcome to my piece of cheese whenever you're hungry.

MILANO.—Why, there aren't any pointers in it! All runs smooth and suave as far as it goes. You are generally careful in speech, somewhat impressionable, bright in perception and reasonable in argument. Care and force are equally evident. I dare say you are a foreigner, as your non de plume indicates; there is a quiet care in your lines, as if you were skating on strange ice. A little trace of melancholy, (can it be homesickness?) is shown, but the study on the whole is good.

EVANGELINE.—I. You are refined, tactful and conventional, conscientious and painstaking, not very logical and somewhat nervous and highstrung. 2. Cheiro's book is the best I know on Palmistry, which I've never had time to study seriously, though I know it's an interesting science and gives one much information. Write to Bain, the bookseller, King street east, for the book. It is rather expensive. They can probably get you a cheaper one at Bain's.

NORTHWEST.—I. Quite agree with you. The best governed is the freest state. 2. Your writing is indicative of greatest reliability, even judgment, independence, and a thoroughly unsentimental nature. You are proud of your advantages and full of appreciation of the beautiful; an excellently balanced mind and very honest and straightforward method

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are yours. You ought also to be a good business man, in any line not calling for very large enterprise. Such a writer should be eminently neat and particular in habit and fastidious in dress. Caution and discretion are shown, with hope and amiability. Above all, practical self-preservation is apparent.

PAUL JONES, JR.—You are not a bad sort—a big-hearted, generous and easy-going person, averse to taking much trouble about anything; reasonably cautious and both adaptable and impressionable. I am almost sure that if you couldn't get the girl you wanted, you'd have a good time with Miss Second-best. You are very decided upon some points and very lax in others; pretty careful in method, reasonable and clear in argument, slightly ambitious and apt to sympathize kindly with others. An easy person to get along with, though not inspiring.

BROWN.—You have got the cart before the horse. You must change your characteristics before you can change your writing. You might think it quite changed, and I'd find just the same old story in the new study. So with your two specimens. Both show tendency to talk too much, and a faculty for bluntness and lack of sympathetic tact. Your family are doubtless justified in their remarks. But it's a sturdy, honest and forceful hand, and its owner would probably succeed in his calling. This study is almost devoid of indication of sex, but I have a suspicion it may be a man's effort. Anyhow, it's a person living largely on the material plane and eminently liable to "admire himself." If a girl's writing, it isn't a very sentimental dandelion, but other traits, less taking, are very prominent.

RIGHT WING.—I. SATURDAY NIGHT was first published on December 3, 1887. 2. Your question is ambiguous, but I suppose you mean what is the usual way to begin to study law. You can get all information of that nature from University, or ask one of our young lawyers who has up-to-date experience. Don't ask an old codger, for he will probably put his hands down deep in his pockets, look you over, and tell you he began by sweeping out an office. Then he'll tell you there are too many lawyers and that young lawyers are starving all over town, which is, I believe, a rather extreme statement of an indisputable fact. Then he'll urge you to go back to the farm; and if you say you never even saw a farm, he'll advise you to go and see what you have missed. And judging by your writing you will pay him no attention, for you are the steady and dogged kind, with the stern resolve, and canny reserve, and deep-seated determination of a self-respecting bull-terrier. If a lawyer you should ever be, I'd feel quite safe in giving you a case and quite sure you'd soak me to the utmost cent.

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"Do you believe in the good effects of laughter?" "Of course, if I can get a man to laughing I can nearly always borrow five dollars from him."—Chicago Record.

"She told me I was her king—that I had crowned her life." "Well?" "And then she turned around and said she would never speak to me again if I didn't stop smoking."—Puck.

"What is a sanguine disposition, Uncle Christopher?" "Sanguine disposition? Well, it's your mother, Bobby, thinking she can pound a picture-nail into the wall with a banana."—Detroit Free Press.

She—Here is such a pretty little story in the paper about how Edison came to marry. He— I wish some of these bright young journalists would explain how I came to marry.—Indianapolis Journal.

Customer—Is the cashier in? Clerk—Yes; he's in. Customer—Where is he? Clerk—In Canada. Customer—Is the proprietor in? Clerk—No; he's out. Customer—How much?—Chicago News.

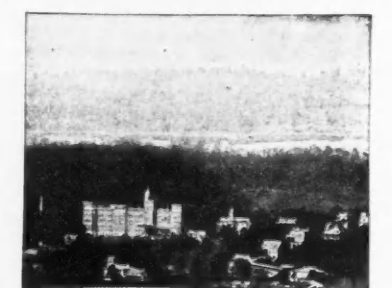
Mrs. Styles.—One characteristic about my husband I like; he always calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Light.—I suppose he's like all husbands, however; he calls a club a lodge.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Queer how we like blind people better than we do deaf people." "That's not queer at all." "Why isn't it?" "Sympathy costs nothing, but shouting tires our lungs."—Boston Transcript.

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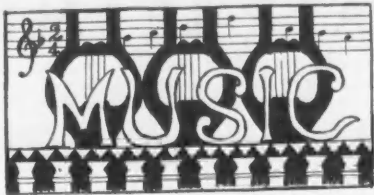
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One of the most successful concerts, from an artistic point of view, ever given in Massey Hall and one which will long remain a pleasant memory with those who were so fortunate as to be present, was the Plancon concert of Thursday evening of last week. The fame of the great French singer had led local concert-goers to anticipate something out of the ordinary on the occasion of his local debut, and in this they were not disappointed. It is safe to say that the triumph won by this great artist has seldom been equaled by any renowned singer in the concert annals of Toronto. Seldom has a local audience been stirred to such demonstrations of enthusiasm as prevailed when the great basso finished his wonderfully dramatic rendering of Schumann's The Two Grenadiers. The fire imparted this most stirring of songs and the intensely powerful sentiment which pervaded the Marcellaise created a veritable furor, which subsided only when the soloist consented to repeat the number. The real power of Plancon's singing is accounted for from the fact that besides being the possessor of a glorious voice, he combines in a marked degree with his superb vocalism a magnetic personality and a remarkably broad musical comprehension which betrays itself in every number he sings. In a varied list of selections, including Grandval's Chanson Lapoune, Tchaikowsky's Serenade de Don Juan, Thomas' Grand Air du Tambour Major, a Massenet aria, Schumann's The Two Grenadiers, and in his encore numbers, Faure's The Palm and the Mephisto Serenade from Faust, the wonderful art of the singer found ample opportunities for expression. The strong dramatic nature of the soloist occasionally asserted itself in a manner which less renowned vocalists would find it a dangerous thing to imitate. In the case of Plancon, however, the temptation to introduce the elements of the operatic stage in his singing on a concert platform served but to lend additional interest to his work, and certainly played no small share, particularly in the Mephisto song and The Two Grenadiers, in intensifying the pleasure felt by the audience. One number which deserves special mention, because of the consummate art displayed by the singer in its interpretation, was Ambroise Thomas' Grand Air du Tambour Major. All the more remarkable was the triumph of the singer because of the fact that none of his selections were sung in English, and because, in no case, was a high art standard departed from in his numbers. The concert throughout was thoroughly enjoyable, and the management of the hall are to be congratulated upon the good judgment displayed in the choice of assisting artists. Mrs. Bloodgood, who has become very popular with the Toronto public, was in excellent form and was most cordially received, being several times encored. A charming stage presence and a voice of good quality atone in a very large measure for a pronounced lack of sentiment in her style. The cellist, Miss Gaertner, who, both technically and musically, is one of the most attractive players heard in this city for some time, won a decided success in her several solos, and was repeatedly recalled and encored. Mr. Hubert de Blanck, pianist, gave excellent satisfaction in his accompaniments to M. Plancon, and played several solos as well. An unfortunate oversight in not providing for the tuning of the piano with the organ caused some confusion in the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria for voice, cello, organ and piano. Mrs. H. M. Blight made an ideal accompanist for Mrs. Bloodgood and Miss Gaertner.

It was my intention to give in detail the examination requirements of the Associated Board of Examiners of the Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy of Music for every branch of study covered by their "art" tests, but as the standard is relatively the same in all departments this will not be necessary. The character of these trivial examinations can be very thoroughly gauged by a reference to two or three of the leading branches, and the public will thus be able to form an intelligent opinion of the Associated Board's scheme and its necessity as a medium for "advancing musical art" in Canada, and its value as a vehicle for booming "Imperial Federation." The burning desire of the Associated Board to establish its missions in Canada on "purely philanthropic lines," will be further understood when it is made plain that vocal students who feel disposed to pay a fee of \$7.50 and succeed in passing the following amazing test will be awarded a certificate adorned with the name of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and other notables of the Old Land:—Studies: Concone's 5 Vocalizes (Novello)—No. 2, No. 6, and No. 10; Mozart—Recit. and Aria (Marriage of Figaro); Handel—Oh! Had I Ju-ly's Lyre, and Mackenzie—song, I Cannot Tell What You Say. The three dollar test in ladies' colleges, etc., embraces the following equipment on the part of the candidate: Concone, fifty lessons for the medium voice (Novello), No. 27 and No. 36. Pieces: Haynes' song, Now is My Chloris, and Stanford's song, A Lullaby. The above will surely prove attractive to vocal students who otherwise might have been deprived of the pleasure of parchment honors but for the advent in this country of the "art" tests from abroad at \$7.50 and \$3 apiece, according to the comprehensiveness (sic) of the respective examinations. Not the least funny and refreshing part of the whole business is the invitation extended by the Associated Board to representatives of our leading Canadian music schools, to interest themselves in this Old Country scheme and, in the "cause of art," help it along.

Following the commendable example of the Toronto Ciel Club, the musicians of London, Ont., have organized a society to be known as the London Fraternity of Musicians. The charter members are to be: Messrs. St. John Hyttenrath, George B. Sippl, A. W. Bluthner, J. W. Fetherston, Charles W. Wheeler, W. H. Hewlett, R. Pococke, Thomas Martin, Henry

Saunders, Fred Evans, J. W. Wolcott and W. Caven Barron. The secretary writes me that the members are most enthusiastic concerning the new society and are hoping that it will meet with the same success in London that the Ciel Club has experienced in Toronto. London musicians, by the way, are not a little proud of the musical status of their beautiful city. At the recent Guilman reception given by the Ciel Club at Webb's, the chairman introduced as one of the speakers Mr. W. H. Hewlett of London, and referred to the good work Mr. Hewlett was doing in "London-in-the-Woods," a remark which drew forth a good-natured protest from the Forest City representative, who challenged any Canadian city of whatever size to show a higher standard of musical life than that which obtained in London. He drew attention to the fact that some of the finest organs in Canada were in the possession of several of the leading churches of London, and claimed, with no small degree of eloquence, that in comparison to population London contained more successful and well qualified professional musicians than any other city in the land. A glance at the above list of names constituting London's newly organized society, certainly would seem to show that Mr. Hewlett's championship of his present home is thoroughly justified by facts.

Wesley church was, on Monday evening last, the scene of a very successful concert given by the pupils and faculty of the Metropolitan School of Music, under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, music director of the school. The programme embraced piano, vocal and violin selections and recitations, among those taking part being Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Miss Belle H. Noonan, and several advanced pupils of members of the faculty. Miss Evison and Mrs. Stanley Adams, pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, attracted special attention by reason of their finished technical attainments and the musicianly character of their performances generally. Mention should also be made of the clever playing of two pupils of Mr. Kennedy. Vocal pupils of Miss Jaffray and of Mr. Sherlock illustrated the success which is attending these teachers in their work at the Metropolitan. Miss Noonan's recitations were a feature of the concert, her remarkable ability as an elocutionist being quickly recognized by the audience. Selections were also contributed by piano pupils of Mr. C. Forsyth, Miss C. M. Tufford, and by violin pupils of Mr. August Andersen.

Besides the requirements of the Associated Board in the piano examinations already published in this column, a rudimentary certificate for ladies' colleges is issued for the following, the fee (which, by the way, is never forgotten) being three dollars: Studies, Duvernoy in C, op. 120, No. 2, (Augener); Reinecke in G minor, No. 12, Fairy Fancies (Augener). Pieces: Clementi, Sonatina in G, op. 36, No. 2, first movement; Gurliitt, Rondino in E flat, op. 68, No. 2. What an anchorage such a test as the above will prove to be for the third-rate institutions of the country! With reference to these examinations the question has been asked whether, as was the case in the recent Australian examinations, but one examiner would cover all subjects. There is an idea prevalent in this country that the day has gone by, at least on this side of the Atlantic, when some musical jack-of-all-trades should be considered an "expert" in all branches of musical study. Of course for the tests outlined in the syllabus of the Associated Board it is felt that almost any kind of an examiner might answer the purpose.

The Teeswater News refers in most complimentary terms to the singing of the popular Toronto tenor and vocal instructor, Mr. Rechab Tandy, at a recent concert held in Teeswater. The News says: "Mr. Tandy is a tenor soloist with a splendid voice of great power and compass. His musical education has been most thorough, and he sings without apparent effort. One gentleman was heard to remark that it was worth more than the price of admission to hear Mr. Tandy sing Scots Wha Hae. Mr. Tandy sang in his finished style a number of other songs, including the Bay of Biscay and Mona, and was several times recalled." Of the singing of Miss Mary Waldrum, Mr. Tandy's pupil, the same paper says: "One thing the Sons of Scotland feel sure of is that they made no mistake when they brought Miss Mary Waldrum to Teeswater. No lady singer in recent years has been so favorably received. She has a beautiful voice, sweet and clear like the tones of a silver bell. Her conquest of her Teeswater audience was complete. She was repeatedly encored."

A recital of vocal music by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds attracted a very large and appreciative audience to the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last. A programme of much variety and excellence was prepared for the occasion, and the manner in which it was carried out was most creditable to the vocalists and their energetic and capable instructor. Those taking part were: Misses Carrie L. White, Emma Findlay, Florence M. Brown, Ethel A. Switzer, Nita Brimstin, Alba J. Chisholm, Frances H. Crosby, Callie Idle, Mrs. W. B. Thompson, and Messrs. Melville, E. T. Reburn and K. McIntosh. Valuable assistance was rendered during the evening by Miss Winnifred Skeath-Smith, violin; Miss Lois Winlow, cello; Miss Mary McFarlane, Miss Mabel Burke and Miss Josephine Collins, piano. The marked success of this recital is a matter upon which Miss Reynolds and her class of talented pupils are to be congratulated.

The Parry Sound Musical Club, of which Miss Louise Sauermann, formerly of Toronto, is conductress, gave a concert recently in Union Hall, Parry Sound, which local papers speak of as having been the best entertainment of the kind ever given in that town. The programme was made up of a number of standard part-songs, etc., among which were: Mendelssohn's Judge Me O God, Sullivan's Watchman What of the Night, Fanning's The Miller's Wooing, and other secular numbers. The accompanist of the society, Miss Mackay, a former pupil of the College of Music of this city, is also referred to in complimentary terms in local reports of the concert. Miss Sauermann, who was formerly on the vocal staff of Moulton Ladies' College, and who was for some time a

member of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, is deserving of congratulations upon the continued success of her work in Parry Sound.

The numbers to be played by the Spiering Quartette at the Chamber Music concert in Association Hall to-night are Schubert's Quartette in D minor and Beethoven's Quartette in G, op. 18, No. 2. Besides these splendid numbers Miss Grace Buck, the eminent Chicago vocalist, will sing an attractive selection of standard songs from the works of Hahn, Bemberg, d'Hardelot, Goring-Thomas, Rogers and other composers. Mr. Spiering of the Quartette will be heard in a violin solo, Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Appassionata. The concert promises to be one of the most successful ever given under the auspices of the Chamber Music Association.

The orchestral numbers at the concert of the Conservatory String Quartette, which is to take place on Monday evening next in the music hall of the Conservatory, will include selections by Grieg, Boccherini, Bach, Gounod, Strube and Wuerst. Mrs. Le Grand Reed has been engaged as soprano for the occasion and Miss Franziska Heinrich will contribute a piano solo. Miss Lena Hayes will also appear as solo violinist. Tickets are placed at fifty cents for reserved seats. The plan of the hall is now open at the warerooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist and choir-master of Dundas street Methodist church, London, gave a most successful recital in that church on Thursday evening of last week. The audience, which numbered fully one thousand people, were much delighted with the programme presented, which included numbers by Bach, Handel, Buck, Morandi, Pierne, Fumagalli, F. de la Tombelle, Guilman and Wely.

A feature of the open meeting of the Canadian Club, held in St. George's hall a few evenings ago, was the very admirable musical programme arranged by Mr. A. E. Huestis and rendered by the following talented group of soloists: Miss Dora L. McMurtry, Miss Lola Roman, Dr. T. B. Richardson, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, and the Sherlock Male Quartette.

Mr. Arthur T. Ingham, a talented English organist who recently spent several months in Toronto, has been appointed organist and choir-master of Grace Episcopal church, Ottawa. I am informed that there were upwards of seventy applications for this position, which is considered one of the best in Ontario.

Mr. Frank Welsman, solo pianist and teacher on the staff of the College of Music, has been appointed examiner in piano playing at the Brantford Ladies' College. Mr. Welsman's exceptional ability as a pianist and his general musical culture eminently fit him for the position for which he has been chosen.

A new song by Mr. Angelo M. Read of Buffalo, entitled If Love Were Not, has just been published by J. L. Tindale, the Buffalo publisher. The song is dedicated to Mr. George Henschel, the eminent conductor and vocalist, and is one of Mr. Read's most effective and musicianly works.

#### Kaffir Simplicity.

The London Telegraph tells a good story of Kaffir simplicity, which shows that although customs may differ, human nature is much the same the world over. In civilized countries presents may or may not follow a wedding invitation. But the shrewd Kaffir takes no chances. A lady writing from Johannesburg says: A friend of mine has just received this letter from a young Kaffir:

DEAR SIR,—I hereby let you know that I am going to get married in November month, in which there are an expecting presents from you, sir, as being the great friend I have. Wish you these few lines reach you in good health as they are leaving me in good condition. May end there. With best regards, yours faithfully servant, JOHN MSWELA.

This epistle was evidently dictated by John, and is a good sample of English as it is occasionally written in those parts. It is unnecessary to add that John received his present.

#### A Shrewd Indian

Captain Dave of the Piute tribe of Indians in Nevada is a shrewd man, and when some whites were chaffing him because he claimed that he could tell all the various tribes of Indians, he got ahead of them.

"Captain Dave, doesn't Shoshone look pretty much same as Piute?"

"Yep."

"Doesn't Shoshone dress all same as Piute?"

"Yep."

"Then when Shoshone talks Piute, how you tell him?"

"When Dutchman talk English, how you tell him?" came the laconic but pertinent reply, in faultless pronunciation.

Friend—The groom seemed too shy. Minister—He was; about five dollars.—Truth.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 9, 1887

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. O'Reilly is entertaining Miss Grace Buck during her stay in Toronto, and is giving a tea in her honor this afternoon.

Mrs. Laidlaw and Miss Marion Laidlaw leave to-morrow for Germany, to remain for six months abroad.

A correspondent having enquired where a certain branch of art needlework can be learned, I have pleasure in recommending Miss Seagram, late of T. G. Foster & Co., who has very nice and accessible rooms over the Bank of Montreal, corner Queen and Yonge streets. Miss Seagram has any number of beautiful designs and also takes orders for art needlework.

Mrs. C. C. Taylor of 35 Grosvenor street sailed from Halifax by the Allan steamer Numidian, on March 3, on a short visit to her numerous relatives in Great Britain. This will be the twenty-eighth time for Mrs. Taylor to cross the Atlantic.

Western Assurance Company.

The annual meeting of Shareholders was held at the Company's offices in this city yesterday. The President, the Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair.

The following Annual Report of the Directors, with accompanying Financial Statement, was then read by the Secretary, and, on motion, adopted, viz.:

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit herewith a statement of the results of the transactions of the Company for the year 1897, together with the Assets and Liabilities at the 31st December last, and the Auditors' report thereon.

The balance at the credit of Revenue Account is \$149,845.05, and there has been a gain of \$18,331.16 in the value of securities, as compared with their market price a year ago.

Two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, have been declared out of the year's earnings, and \$68,226.21 added to the Reserve Fund.

The amount of the estimated liability upon risks now on the Company's books is \$775,661.51, and a net surplus is shown over capital and all liabilities of \$379,472.91.

Geo. A. Cox, President.

Toronto, 18th February, 1898.

SUMMARY OF THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.	
Total cash income	\$ 283,632.48
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment	2,133,787.43
Balance	\$ 149,845.05
Appreciation in value of securities	18,331.16
Profit for the year	\$ 168,226.21

Dividends on stock	\$ 100,000.00
Total assets	2,413,086.41
Reserve fund	1,153,134.42
Cash capital	1,000,000.00
Subscribed capital	1,000,000.00
Security to policy-holders	3,153,134.42

The election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen, viz.: Hon. George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Messrs. Robert Beaty, G. R. R. Cockburn, George McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osborne, and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently, Hon. George A. Cox was re-elected President, and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President for the ensuing year.

The Biggest Dealers of Furniture in Canada Going Out of Business.

One of SATURDAY NIGHT's young men, hearing the report that The Toronto Furniture Supply Co. were going out of business, visited their warehouses in King street west yesterday, to ascertain the fact. In the interview with Mr. Wishart, general manager of the company, he learned that the firm were closing out their entire stock, and that in order to get rid of it within the next two weeks, the firm had cut their prices on every single item of their stock from forty to fifty per cent. Mr. Wishart made the claim, and the appearance of the goods in the company's warehouses bore out the statement, that they had during their long business career catered to only the finest class of trade, and to this end carried only the very finest class of goods. Everything, he stated, will be cleared out regardless of cost, as the Company have to give up their warehouse in twenty days. The remnant of the stock will at that time be sent to the auctioneer for immediate disposal. This is a splendid opportunity to secure choice and elegant furniture at bargain prices.

Viavi Talks to Women

The success of our talks in the past invites your attention for the series beginning Thursday, March 10th, at 3 p.m., in Room K, Confederation Life Building. Subject March 10th—"The Temple of Health and Beauty." Note change of day—Thursday p.m. during the present series. You are cordially invited to be present. Promptness requested.

MISS F. A. SEAGRAM

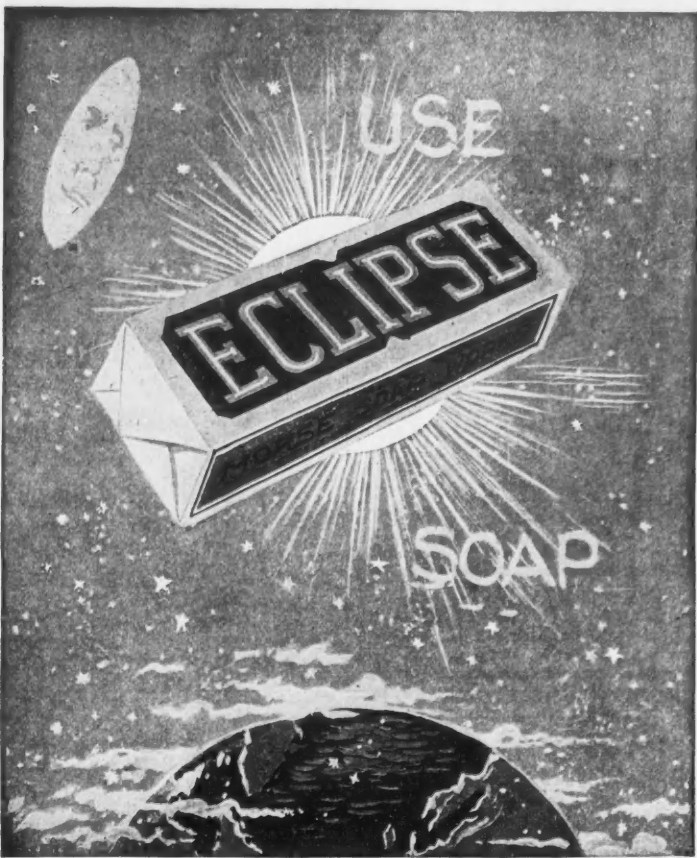
Late of T. G. Foster & Co. Room No. 6, over the Bank of Montreal COR. QUEEN AND YONGE STS. Continues to receive orders for making curtains, trimming brass beds, draping, stamping and all branches of fancy work. Hours, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Entrance 2nd door east on Queen St.

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Messrs. CHURCH & BYRNE beg to announce the re-opening of  
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The Royal Canadian Academy ART EXHIBITION

IS NOW BEING HELD IN THE  
Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists  
167 KING STREET WEST  
And will close about the 15th. Admission 25c.

Toronto Chamber Music Association

SECOND SEASON—FOURTH CONCERT  
SPIERING QUARTETTE  
(Of Chicago)  
VOCALIST...  
MISS GRACE BUCK  
(Of Chicago)  
Association Hall, Saturday, March 5, 8 o'clock  
Subscribers' list and single tickets at Nordheimer's—7c, 15c, \$1.00.

Dental Excellence

Connection with our Dental parlors guarantees perfection. The elegantly appointed dental parlors (over the Bank of Montreal) are provided over by experts in every branch of the dental science and assisted by every known modern appliance for perfect dental work, which means to you perfect work at about half the price asked for elsewhere. Painless extraction, Crown and bridge work our specialty. Consultation free.

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Phone 701. Lady attendant.



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"Something Not Very Expensive"

But pretty and nice," was enquired for yesterday by a lady who wanted to purchase a wedding present. She had come to the right store, for

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in good taste and at the lowest possible price.

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teaches his pupils to dance as quick as lightning, so to speak, too quick for the good of his pocket. But, never mind, you get the benefit.  
Class and individual private instruction.  
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## The Heintzman & Co Piano

with its new improvement, the patent agraffe bridge, stands easily ten years ahead of any other instrument manufactured.

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TORONTO WAREHOUSES: 117 KING ST. WEST

### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Mason are visiting friends in Ottawa during the session.

The Toronto Athletic Club last Saturday evening gathered not so large a crowd as usual on account of the big smoker down-town. The water polo matches made the big tank lively for a while, and in the gymnasium a cinematograph threw pictures of great interest on a large canvas. Other numbers on the programme were sword and bayonet contest, singing, boxing, and all through the evening D'Aleandro's orchestra gave the usual good music of that organization.

Miss Notman of Spadina avenue returned from St. Catharines this week. Miss Frazer left yesterday to visit friends in Hamilton.

On Wednesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope arrived on a short visit to Mrs. Hope's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis. Mrs. Hope is looking radiant and the praises of Hope, Jr., are heard on every side.

Miss Birdie Mason of Harr Hall, Parkdale, left last Saturday for a few weeks' visit in Barrie, Allandale and other places.

Mr. S. S. Hamilton of the Ontario Bank, Kingston, was in town this week.

Another of those refined and high-class concerts so ably arranged by the Chamber Music Association will command the attention of society this (Saturday) evening. The soloist is Chicago's gifted soprano, who has already won her friends in Toronto, and who met a smart

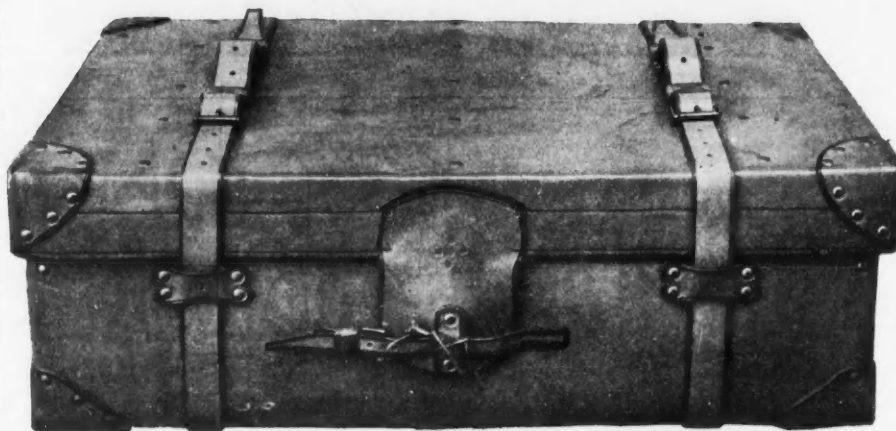


The earliest of Boys' Spring Suits are ready for inspection

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THE ONLY GENUINE HUNYADI WATER.

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Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities, for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indigestion in diet.

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"The prototype of all Bitter Waters." "Absolutely constant in composition."

ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

CAUTION: See that the label bears the signature of the firm Andreas Saxlehner.

## Going Out of Business

## Sensational Sacrifice Sale of Furniture

The lease of our store terminated on the last day of February, but we have made arrangements with our landlord for a twenty-day extension of time. We have made reductions in our prices of from 40 to 50 per cent. on our entire stock, which is the choicest and most elegant line of Furniture in Toronto.

REMEMBER, this is an entire clearing out sale, as we are positively going out of business. In two weeks' time the remnant of our stock will be sent to the auctioneers. In the meantime the public will be offered the greatest bargains in high-class goods ever seen in Canada.

THE  
**TORONTO FURNITURE SUPPLY CO.**

KING STREET WEST

(NEXT THE MAIL BUILDING)

TORONTO

### Great Changes Are Slow.

If the weather in England should suddenly change from the warmth of the middle of July to the cold of the middle of January, and the change remain permanent, it is scarcely necessary to say we should be surprised and alarmed. But it will never happen. Natural processes are always slow in exact proportion to their importance. From the first lifeless leaf that rustles to the ground, to the day when all the deciduous trees stand naked in the wintry blast, we see and mark every step of the road, and are not, therefore, taken unawares.

So it is with those important changes in the structure or the functions of the human body which lead to permanent disability or to death. Being ignorant of the steps in these changes, as well as of the radical cause of them, the most of us are apt to misjudge their meaning; and also likely to be hopeful in the wrong place, and frightened in the wrong place. Perhaps, it were better to say, as a practical, working truth, that the time to be frightened and the time to be hopeful are the same time. I will show you my idea more clearly after you have read the following short account of an illness, written by the woman who suffered from it:

"At Easter, 1885," she says, "I caught a severe cold, which made me feel low and weak. I lost my appetite, and what little food I ate gave me great pain at the chest and around the heart. I had also a stabbing pain at the left side, which made it difficult for me to breathe. Both my legs from the knees to the soles of my feet were swollen and puffed out, until I feared the skin would break. I was in agony night and day; and so great was the gnawing pain in the stomach that I often cried out because of it."

"I could not bear to put my foot to the ground, and for nine weeks I sat propped in an armchair, unable to go to bed."

"Month after month I lingered in this condition, and finally grew so feeble I never thought I could get better. I had a doctor attending me who said my ailment was *dropsy*, and that my kidneys were diseased. But his medicines failed to relieve me."

"One day in August (1885), whilst I sat by the fire, I took up *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I sent to Mr. Jones, the chemist at Merton, for this medicine, and after taking it found myself much better. All the swelling and pain gradually left me, and by continuing to use the Syrup I soon got about, and felt well."

"Since that time I have kept in the best of health. Three of my family have also benefited by this medicine. You can make what use you like of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Caroline Jones, 29 Bath Road, Mitcham, Surrey, January 7th, 1897."

Now, we shall best come at the point I desire to call your attention to by means of a quotation from a high medical authority, who says: "The actual and visible dropsy of the feet and legs is commonly preceded—often by months or years—by dyspepsia and derangement of the liver."

There you have the important fact in twenty-five words. The cold Mrs. Jones caught at Easter, 1885, was but an incident. It may or may not have hurried along the crisis. Her disease was *dyspepsia*, acting as it does, upon the organs of secretion, and in the end causing dropsy—a damming back of the water in the tissues. Had the trouble continued until the vital organs were congested, she might have died suddenly. Gradual death by dropsy is, however, the more common result.

The practical teaching of this, and similar cases, is this: Use Mother Seigel's Syrup when the first signs of dyspepsia appear, and stop the mischief before it has time to become dangerous.

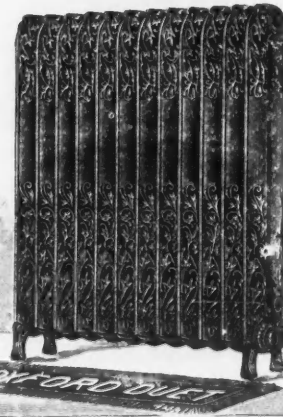
**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.**

### Births.

TANNER—On March 2, at 50 Ulster street, the wife of John Tanner—a son.

## Thoroughly Reliable

That's what everyone who has tried them says of



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FOR HOT WATER OR STEAM

You can decide on the degree of warmth you wish, and Oxford Boilers and Radiators will provide it for you—just the same every day, no matter how the weather changes out of doors. These standard goods never fail.

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M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

**Watson's Cough Drops**  
Will Stop Your Cough Instantly and produce a soothing effect upon the vocal organs.  
TRY THEM.

SMYTH—Feb. 23, Mrs. Robert Gordon Smyth—a daughter.

### Marriages.

CRAWFORD—YOUNG—Feb. 2, James R. Crawford to Mamie Edna Young.  
GOODMAN—HICKS—Feb. 22, Arthur W. Goodman to Emma Hicks.

### Deaths.

BENDER—Niagara Falls, March 1, John Bender.

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C. E. McPHERSON, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

aged 54.  
INGLIS—Owen Sound, March 1, George Inglis.  
WILLIAMSON—March 1, Alexander Williamson, aged 58.  
RUMSEY—Galt, Feb. 26, Helen Gertrude Rumsey.  
WINDRUM—Feb. 23, Samuel B. Windrum, aged 54.  
MCKINNON—Newmarket, Feb. 24, Hector B. McKinnon.  
McMULLEN—Feb. 21, John McMullen, aged 57.  
WARNOCK—Feb. 22, Eliza Warnock.  
LOOSE—Feb. 27, Annie Loose, aged 33.  
COOLAHAN—Feb. 23, John Dodo Coolahan.  
TIFFIN—Barrie, Feb. 21, Susan Amelia Tiffin.